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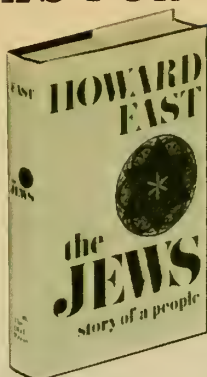
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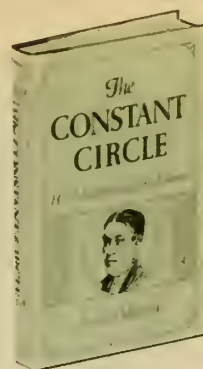
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If you come across this lovely wild flower during a woodland walk, please do not remove it from its natural habitat. Because of indiscriminate picking, the lady's slipper—or moccasin flower—is becoming increasingly rare. In May, it grows as far south as North Carolina and Tennessee; later, usually in June, northward to Prince Edward Island where it is the official provincial flower. A member of the orchid family, it takes its name from the pouchlike structure resembling a shoe. Dorothy I. Kientz of Verona, N.J., tells us she took this picture in a flower sanctuary one Sunday morning before going to church.

## TOGETHER

MAY 1971

Vol. XV, No. 5 Copyright © 1971

by The Methodist Publishing House

**Editorial Office:** 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone (Area 312) 299-4411.

**Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices:** 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Phone (Area 615) 242-1621.

**TOGETHER** is published monthly except combined issue of August and September by The Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203, where second-class postage has been paid. **Subscription:** \$5 a year in advance, single copy 50¢.

**TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN** subscriptions through United Methodist churches are \$3 per year, cash in advance, or 75¢ per quarter, billed quarterly.

**Change of Address:** Five weeks advance notice is required. Send old and new addresses and label from current issue to Subscription Office. **Advertising:** Write Advertising Office for rates.

**Editorial Submissions:** Address all correspondence to Editorial Office, 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068, and enclose postage for return of materials.

**TOGETHER** assumes no responsibility for damage to or loss of unsolicited manuscripts, art, photographs.

**TOGETHER** is an official general periodical of The United Methodist Church and continues **CHURCH AND HOME**, the family periodical of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the UNITED METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

**Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to **TOGETHER**, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

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# One Year After the Quake

Text by Patricia Sanberg / Pictures by Steve Wall



A makeshift playground sprang from the ruins of Chimbote's La Amistad Methodist Church Center within a month after the quake. Now laughter defies tragedy as children flock in even greater numbers than before to the daily kindergarten where these children delight in following their leader, Miss Agripina Nonato.

OFFICIALLY, Chimbote does not exist. One year ago this city of 200,000, Peru's fish-meal capital, was devastated by one of nature's most violent acts of modern times—the earthquake which rocked a vast area of this Andean nation.

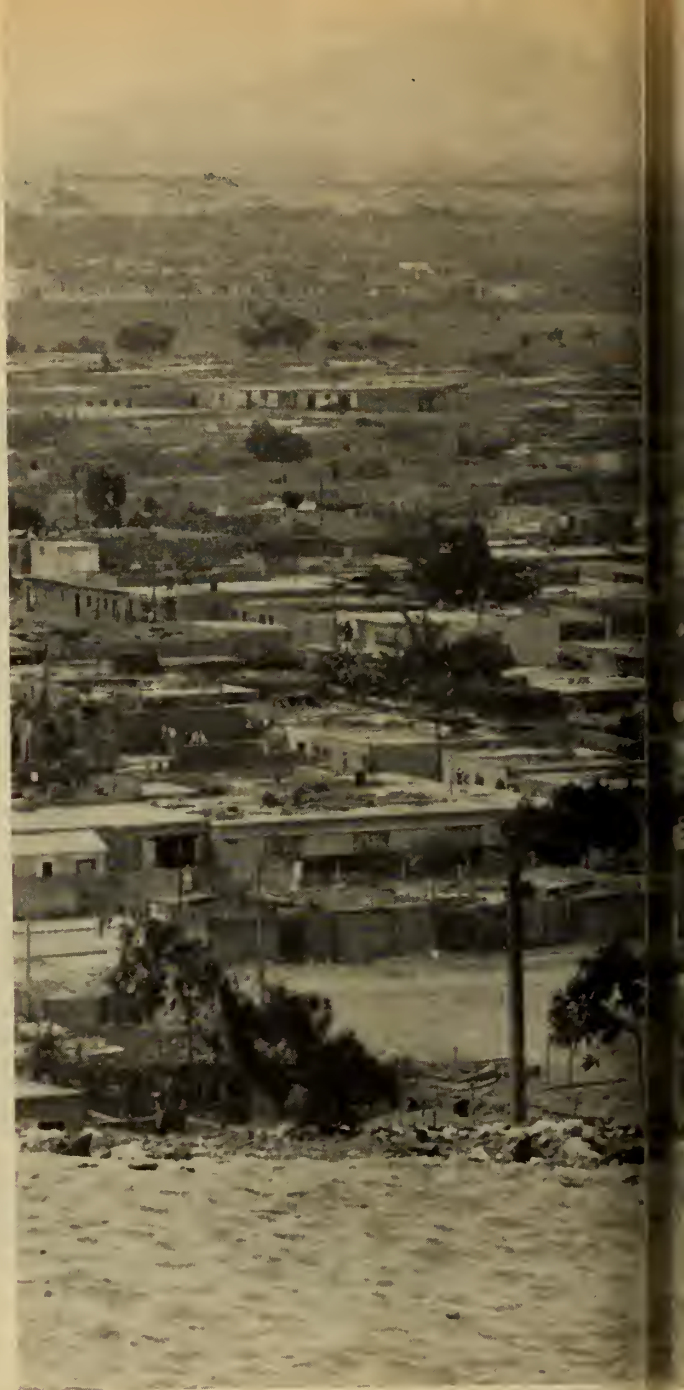
The Peruvian government has decreed that Chimbote be rebuilt on a new site five miles away, but the city's people remain, living in whatever makeshift housing they can put together. Until the new site is zoned and building is authorized, the people of Chimbote are struggling to put their lives back together amid the rubble.

Even before the catastrophe, this booming, Pacific Coast fishing port had its share of problems. Boasting one of the largest annual fish catches in the world, Chimbote had more than 40 factories producing fish meal for use in fertilizer and animal feed, as well as a large steel





A cracked wall frames Elton Watlington, Methodist district superintendent, as he points out other quake damage to Miguel Sanchez, caretaker and secretary at La Amistad Methodist Church. Above right: Chimbote stretches eastward across the sand toward the Andean foothills. Even the sturdier buildings still standing have serious structural damage. The city is to be rebuilt five miles south.



mill. Attracted by these industries, people poured into the city from other parts of Peru, mushrooming the population from 60,000 to more than 200,000 in only 10 years. Squatter villages sprang up overnight as the city spread out over the arid coastal desert.

The first Methodist missionary arrived only seven years ago, summoned by a handful of Chimbote Christians who had been conducting services in a home. The missionary who lived 90 miles north in Trujillo, made twice-weekly trips to Chimbote until 1966 when a Methodist congregation was chartered and the first regular pastor appointed. Within two years, a second congregation had formed and community-center programs were being offered at both locations. (The Methodist Church of Peru has been autonomous since January, 1970.)

Minutes before the vicious quake rocked Peru on May 31, 1970, missionary Agnes Malloy was driving a family to





the Villa Maria Methodist Church in Chimbote. Hours later she wrote an eyewitness account of the worst natural disaster in South American history:

"As we turned off the Pan-Am Highway, I saw a cloud of dust rise behind a building. Then the ground shook and my passengers cried, '*Un temblor, un temblor!*' Immediately we left the leaping Ford clubwagon and formed a circle, arms around each other, jogging up and down while the car tossed from side to side until the wheels sank. Water was coming up everywhere.

"It was a moving time: earth cracking, walls falling, people running, crying, falling in the street, praying, water gushing. Looking over the surface of the ground the jets appeared like waves, perhaps the way a sheet waves in the wind or like the surface of some liquid boiling in a big pan. There was sound (not all tremors have sound), and for almost 40 seconds it moved forcibly through

the underground as if in deep tunnels, while groups of terror-stricken people clung together."

Nature's violence left Chimbote 80 percent destroyed. In some places the loose, sandy subsoil settled as much as two feet and filled with water. Adobe structures of sun-dried mud bricks crumbled.

Both of Chimbote's Methodist church centers suffered severe damage. The Villa Maria buildings in a squatter village of 10,000 had to be razed and the area abandoned as people moved to high ground. Some walls at La Amistad Methodist Church Center on Aviacion Avenue remained. By adding makeshift tin walls and *estera* (matted straw) roofs, these buildings have been kept in service.

The quake originated in a seismic fault in the Pacific Ocean, 12 miles off the coast near Chimbote. It reverberated throughout a 30,000-square-mile area and reached





*Refugees from flooded squatter villages moved to higher ground and built temporary shelters with salvage material. Water must be bought from street vendors; cooking is done outdoors.*

high into the Andes Mountains where casualties were heaviest. The toll: 70,000 dead or missing; 200,000 injured; and 800,000 left homeless out of the country's 13 million population.

Order came slowly out of chaos. During the first grim weeks after the disaster the entire world responded with manpower, materials, and money. Within hours of the quake, the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR) had sent \$10,000 in emergency funds through Church World Service (CWS), relief arm of the National Council of Churches. The Peruvian government divided the disaster area into zones and assigned a specific zone to each of several relief organizations including CWS, Catholic Relief Services (CRS), and Seventh-day Adventists. Their efforts continue a year after the quake, and their end is not yet in sight.

CWS quickly launched an emergency appeal in the U.S. for \$1.5 million for reconstruction, and UMCOR assumed responsibility for raising \$500,000 of this. The National Council of Churches relief agency is responsible for an area the size of Rhode Island, stretching from the coastal city of Huarney, about 90 miles south of Chimbote, inland almost 60 miles to the mountain city of Aija. There a United Methodist missionary, Malcolm W. Ashby, was assigned temporarily to act as CWS reconstruction director.

Mr. Ashby, stationed in Callao before the quake, was among the first to reach stricken Chimbote, a short dis-

tance north, and offered his services immediately. CWS volunteers from Bolivia, Chile, England, the United States, Ecuador, and Peru were among the first group of doctors and nurses he led to isolated mountain villages.

The tragedy of the quake has kept bringing people together. Although Chimbote is in the zone allocated to Catholic Relief Services, rehabilitation projects are ecumenical. The La Amistad Methodist Church buildings serve as a relief distribution center for food and clothes, a community project. Methodist District Superintendent Elton A. Watlington puts it this way:

"The co-operation of CWS, CRS, and the Seventh-day Adventist relief services has been obvious here for some years, but since the quake there has been a growing appreciation of Catholics for Protestants and vice versa."

For cities like Chimbote and Huarney, built on Peru's arid coast, irrigation and domestic water systems are of primary importance. Except for oases where mountain rivers flow to the ocean, the sandy plain is barren. In many sections of these cities plumbing and sewage systems are unknown; common faucets are the only water source for thousands of people.

Reconstruction of irrigation canals, water systems, and roads were priority items during the initial recovery period. Peruvian villagers and volunteer engineers worked side by side, getting basic systems back in operation. Road repair has moved more slowly.

Immediately after the quake Miss Malloy, sprightly di-





A roof used to cover this outdoor area at La Amistad Methodist Church where Mr. Watlington (above left) talks with LAOS volunteer Mary Foster. Inside (right), old and young attend literacy classes, learning to read and write by the Alfalit method. Below: Sunlight filters through the thatched roof as kindergartners watch their teacher demonstrate how to draw with crayons.







*Mrs. Foster visits a member of the former Villa Maria congregation at her temporary home. The woman's youngest child was sick, and they were trying to arrange for medical attention.*

rector of the Methodist centers and pastor of the Chimbote churches, began locating and aiding her scattered families. "The children were quick to spot the Ford club-wagon as I made my rounds," she recalls. "For the women who are heads of families, guarding their meager belongings until all could be unearthed and moved to a new location was quite a job. We helped transport the estera mats, cardboard, fishnets, and other material they salvaged to build temporary shelters on high ground."

Bricks and pews from damaged church buildings are stored in what pass for homes these days in Chimbote. The pews come out of hiding each Sunday and return to the members' homes after services. Bricks from the dismantled buildings are guarded from looters and will be used when a new church is built.

Photographer Steve Wall of Memphis, Tenn., summed up recent conditions in Chimbote graphically after a visit there for TOGETHER in February: "This city is dry, dirty, sandy, and the wind blows constantly. Odors from the fish-meal plants are indescribable. The steel plant dumps a lot of pollution and a terrible stench into the air. An open sewage ditch runs along littered Aviacion Avenue past the La Amistad Methodist Church Center and the odor is unbearable."

Bad as current conditions sound, the situation was far worse right after the quake. Heartsick and homeless, people wandered aimlessly. Determined to provide a stabilizing force in the midst of flux, the Methodist Community Centers' staff set about to get church activities back into operation.

After a month of disorganization, the kindergarten pro-

gram reopened with more students than before. Literacy classes started up, and enrollment soon surpassed that of the previous year. Increased attendance was recorded at Sunday worship services which had been continued throughout the difficult period. The former Villa Maria congregation split into two groups when flooding forced them to move, and a temporary Methodist Church Center is operating at each of the two new locations.

LAOS (Laymen's Overseas Service) volunteers from the U.S. arrived in Chimbote within a month after the disaster. Helping people help themselves, the volunteers pitched in to administer the reorganized programs of the Chimbote churches. Through CROP, the Community Hunger Appeal arm of CWS, food and clothing is stored at La Amistad Church. Women of the congregation repackage the food into individual portions for daily distribution. At the two temporary centers for Villa Maria families, classes in sewing, cooking, and even beauty care have been instituted, taught by local women.

Thousands of local people are involved in "food for work" rehabilitation projects ranging from road construction to literacy training. Under CWS direction in Huarmey, local women bake bread in two community ovens to feed workers and in turn receive food for their work. Needy mothers and children also receive bread baked in these ovens as part of a breakfast feeding program.

Prior to the quake CWS had administered an adult basic-education program in Chimbote, aided by incentive giving of food for families with participating adults. "Since the quake this program has been continued and shown substantial growth," Mr. Watlington noted. "Over 150





*A wedding picture on the straw-mat wall speaks of happier times in the home of another family, members of Villa Maria Church. The husband is unemployed; the wife receives "food for work" by attending literacy classes.*

adults take part now in weekly sessions at temporary meeting places. The leadership of Cesar Llanco, a young Peruvian who works closely with Miss Malloy, has been very important to the success of the literacy program," the district superintendent continued. "He has worked to get official recognition for adult courses at the elementary-school level."

"Under the conditions which have existed since the quake, the increased interest and activity in Chimbote's Methodist Church Centers is quite a tribute to their leadership," Mr. Watlington emphasizes.

Plans for the future are starting to overshadow the tragedy of the past year. A new Methodist church and parsonage will be built close to the center of new Chimbote as soon as a site is zoned. Agnes Malloy and her staff then will vacate the apartment-office space they now rent. Two permanent buildings will be constructed to serve the new groups formed from the former Villa Maria congregation. Hope runs high that the new city will provide water, sewers, lights, and streets in all sections. New building codes are expected to demand better, more quake-resistant construction of homes and factories. In the CWS rehabilitation zone 76 people are working on reconstruction and long-range projects. "Our primary objectives in the province of Aija are to provide public-health education and services, continue rebuilding, and improve agricultural production methods," says Malcolm Ashby.

Throughout the zone small construction programs have been started for some schools and kilns; a model-house program is planned. A cattle-breeding station is en-

visioned to complement the agricultural program, and Heifer Project International has offered livestock. Still another CWS objective, Mr. Ashby emphasizes, is to turn over the administration of many programs to national leadership as quickly as possible.

"While hope springs eternal, reality continues to plague this poverty-ridden country," reporter Steve Wall observed. "The scene along the coast from Lima, the national capital, north to Trujillo is desolate. Many little villages are completely destroyed, and where buildings are standing you can see huge cracks in them."

"Moving the people of Chimbote to the city's new site will mean headaches and sacrifices for everyone and almost complete disintegration for the poor without work or means," Miss Malloy admits. Members of that group, she pointed out, form the bulk of the Methodist congregations. "It's also fair to say that there are those who feel the promises of safer living quarters with water, sewers, lights, and streets will not materialize, and they will be left to shift for themselves as they have in the past."

It has been estimated that almost half of Peru's national budget will be needed for rehabilitation of the affected zone. Some officials estimate that it will take 20 years for the region to reach the level of development that has been reached in places like Lima.

"Sometimes we're tempted to think of the Chimbote of times past and wish newcomers could have known its moving young pioneer spirit," Miss Malloy reflects. "I feel fortunate to have witnessed the heroic faith of the Peruvian people during their tragedy and the feeling of community with which they began again." □

# How Laymen Can Be Heard

By Chester A. Pennington

**M**ANY LAYMEN across the country today are uneasy about some of the policies and programs sponsored by The United Methodist Church. They see the church moving in directions which they, the members, believe to be quite wrong. They fear that churches are adopting policies and programs which are dangerous and perhaps even destructive.

Not all laymen feel this way, of course. Indeed there are many who believe churches should be moving even faster and farther in precisely their present directions.

The issue to be considered here is the frustration and anger of laymen who feel they are powerless to change the course of the church. They believe they are inadequately represented in decision-making processes beyond the local level. The church, they feel, is in fact a clergy-run organization.

I am not sure whether we ministers realize just what this means. We are quite accustomed to the church the way it is. I rather suspect we want to keep it this way. But we surely need to become aware in a newly sensitive way—as our laymen have—that the church is dominated by clergy.

Personally I believe that at the level of the local congregation, programs and policies are determined democratically. Committees and boards are made up of lay members who are responsible for decisions in the life of the local church. Program and policy are shaped by these responsible bodies. The minister should give leadership, try to guide and influence, of course. That is what he is paid for. But it is not his job to direct or control the actions of these committees and boards.

Some of my lay friends grin at this point and say, "Don't be naive. As long as the *Discipline* names the minister chairman of the nominating committee, he does in fact control the committees and boards." That may be true to some extent, but I believe that any minister who deliberately tries to control the responsible bodies of the local church deserves all the trouble he is going to get.

Several years ago our congregation had to decide what our posture should be with respect to Project Equality. I had my own convictions, and I fed them into the decision-making process when it was appropriate. But I did not try to force the action. I saw my role as that of ensuring that the issue was considered by the proper bodies. Debate continued through a long and difficult process from committee to commission to administrative board, until the decision was finally made to support Project Equality.

The laymen whose views did not prevail in this matter are still not sure the process really was a democratic one.

I regret this, but I hope we are gradually learning to trust one another in these matters.

So much for the local scene. But what about annual conference and national dimensions of the church? Here I believe, laymen are quite right when they say they have little influence in shaping policies and programs of The United Methodist Church.

Once we get beyond the local congregation, the church is really dominated by the clergy. There is at least one simple reason for this:

The clergy works in the church full time. In fact, laymen pay us to work at it full time. Operating the annual conference machinery is part of our job. We can drop our local daytime responsibilities to run to a committee meeting somewhere, while laymen on conference committees often can only give evenings or weekends. We are long-term members of the annual conferences; most lay members change with some frequency. Attending annual sessions of the conference is required for us; laymen have to take leave of their daily jobs or home duties in order to attend.

So it is understandable that the church is dominated by the clergy. Whatever the reasons, the fact that laymen feel they are poorly represented in decision-making is causing a lot of irritation on the part of many men and women who really care what the church does.

It is at the annual-conference and national levels that some of the most disturbing (and least understood) actions are taken. Money is granted to activist organizations which many laymen believe to be unworthy of church support. Public statements on race, war and peace, and economic issues are issued which many members interpret as unwise or even antichristian.

Most of our laymen who are upset by these actions and statements are either unaware of or do not find credible the channels to influence these bodies.

Right now we seem to be entering or are well into a new phase of reaction to conference and national-church policies. When laymen's consciences tell them they cannot support their church's involvement in certain actions they respond in the only way they see left to them: they redirect their money to other channels. This "purse power" is a political instrument which has to be taken seriously in the life and work of the church today.

If this is in fact the situation, how can we make the most of it to do the real business of the church?

At this point I want to address laymen specifically and make some suggestions which I believe will be both useful to them and helpful for the entire church. (Incidentally, I hope you laymen know that when I have a chance



to speak to my fellow clergy, I try to be as direct with them as I will be with you.)

First of all, I plead with thoughtful laymen to admit that there are as many and varied points of view among laymen as there are in the clergy. It is entirely unrealistic for conservative laymen to talk as if all the liberals are ordained! There are plenty of liberal laymen in the churches, and some of them are pressing for even stronger and more radical action on the part of the church. So that even if laymen were more broadly represented on the various boards and agencies, the actions and decisions of these bodies might go the very same way that they have been going.

If the church does not exist to serve the purposes of any particular political and economic ideology, neither does it exist to be chaplain to the status quo. And frequently the quarrels which many laymen have with the church must be directed to fellow laymen, as well as toward clergymen who more obviously lead the church. Many of these issues are political and economic, and they have to be resolved in terms of those disciplines. The relation of the church to these matters is another matter about which there must continue to be debate and study.

Second, if you feel that you must use your purse power, use it, but do so with care and in good spirit.

Frankly, I see the use of purse power as a last resort. I see it as inappropriate on the local level where laymen really should have the determining voice in policy and program. (I have not persuaded all my own laymen at this point!) But in the wider reaches of the church, there may be no other way by which you can express your conscientious disapproval of what is being done.

But do not withhold funds just because you do not like so-and-so or such-and-such a decision. Let your actions be expressive of an honest, well-informed conscience.

And then act in good spirit. This money business is a serious threat to clergymen, and threats tend to cause defensive reactions. So let your own attitude be not that you are withholding funds but that you are conscientiously putting your money into programs and policies in which you can honestly believe. (It is pretty hard for a clergyman to argue against conscientious stewardship.)

Third, be open to what is being said by your professional leaders. After all, we clergymen are pros. We are giving the best years of our lives to understanding and communicating and implementing the Christian gospel.

### About the Author

Chester A. Pennington is pastor of Hennepin Avenue United Methodist Church, Minneapolis, Minn. This article, addressed to laymen, is based on his own pastoral experiences and grows out of his concern over the lay-clergy gap evident in many parts of the church. In a companion piece, appearing in the April 15 issue of *Christian Advocate*, he speaks to fellow pastors about lay expressions of disaffection with their denomination's organization and structure.

—Your Editors

You make it possible for us to do this as a full-time vocation. We think we may have learned a few things, and we ask you to give some honest attention to what we may have learned.

Of course there are innumerable points of view among the clergy. But there are some broad areas of agreement, too. Many of us realize that we are in a period of serious cultural crisis. And the Christian faith cannot respond to this condition simply in terms that were appropriate to earlier generations. You have to know this. You have to know what you believe about Christ and the church and its relevance to the individual and his culture.

So, if you really want to influence the church, you need to be better informed about Christianity than you now are. Most of you are getting by on what you learned in church school, plus a few things you picked up from sermons and occasional readings. This really is not enough for today's complicated world.

A lot of important things have happened in Christian thought during the past 50 years. Whether you accept them or not, you need to know about them. For instance, you sometimes say to us preachers, "Stick to religion and stay out of politics and economics." We can only conclude from this that you do not really understand Christianity—and, if you will pardon my saying so, maybe not even the realities of the contemporary economic and political scene. When you think I am meddling in areas in which I have no competence, you must respond with some measurable competence of your own.

You need to know Scripture much more—and more intelligently—than you do. You need to give more serious study to Christian belief and experience (as well as enjoying Christian experience yourself). You need to look more honestly at the question of the church's responsibility in society.

All the learning need not be in one direction. We clergy have plenty to learn, too, even though we may not be easily teachable. But it is going to require some long, well-informed dialogue about these matters to which we are giving our professional lives. Equip yourself for this kind of dialogue and growth and development.

Finally, do not give up on the church and its regular processes. Use your "ultimate political weapon" if you must. But be sure why you are using it and what you are negotiating for. In the meantime, send your best representatives to annual conference. In this way I am confident that you will help the church to get "beyond politics." One of these days, we'll have to stop the tugging and hauling for power. Somebody is going to win. Then whoever is left will have to settle down to the business of "building up the body of Christ" so that we can equip ourselves to do God's work in the world.

That is when we are going to need all the devoted and well-informed people—lay and clergy—that we can assemble. What will be required is not that we all agree but that we trust one another. Trust is hard to come by, especially when we are engaged in political manipulation. Trust will be won when we recognize our common commitment to the Lord of the church, and engage in our common task of witnessing to his Lordship. □



# 1971 convocation of united methodists for EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANITY

july 7-10 • cincinnati, ohio  
netherland hilton hotel

## PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

**Wednesday, July 7**

Registration in hotel lobby  
A MESSAGE OF WELCOME  
LEUCOCYTES IN THE BODY OF CHRIST

9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Bishop Gerald Ensley  
Leslie Woodson

**Thursday, July 8**

THE WORD OF GOD IN PERSONAL REDEMPTION

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD MISSION  
THE WORD OF GOD IN PROPHETIC SCRIPTURE  
CHRIST'S FIERY FORECAST

David Seamands

Kenneth Enright

Philip Worth

Paul S. Rees

**Friday, July 9**

DOES THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY HAVE A FUTURE?  
CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY  
CHRISTIANS AS AGENTS OF SOCIAL CHANGE  
CHRIST'S MIGHTY VICTORY

Virginia Law

Oswald Brunson

Gilbert James

Bishop Earl Hunt, Jr.

**Saturday, July 10**

LAY POWER IN GOD'S WORLD  
GREAT DAYS REQUIRE GREAT COMMITMENT

George Curtis, Jr.

Ford Philpot

## PERSONNEL



Ford Philpot



Virginia Law



Earl Hunt, Jr.



Leslie Woodson



Oswald Brunson



Kenneth Enright



Gerald Ensley



David Seamands



Paul Rees

## CONVOCAION COSTS

Registration fee: \$15 per person, \$25 for husband and wife, \$5 for student. The registration fee must be sent with the registration form and is not refundable after June 1, 1971. The registration fee does not include hotel and meals. One automobile parked free per room. Child care for pre-school children will be provided free during major program events.

## REGISTRATION FORM

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In Orlando...

# They Team Up Against Drug Abuse

ALTHOUGH there are no guaranteed solutions to the problem of drug abuse among young people, a church-initiated educational program in Orlando, Fla., public schools appears well on its way to success.

In September, 1969, United Methodists pioneered the Orlando Drug Abuse Program in which minister-doctor teams go into junior and senior high schools to talk with students and provide information on drugs and dangers of drug abuse.

United Methodists purposely remain in the background of this ecumenical endeavor, which operates and administers funds through the Orange County Ministerial Association. In fact, many in the program

are unaware that the Florida Annual Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns actually provides the funds —\$1,500 a year.

"We don't make a point of emphasizing this," noted the Rev. Gary W. Buhl, pastor of Pine Castle United Methodist Church, who was treasurer of the ministerial association last year. "We felt God wanted the program started, and we felt that if we carried it into the public schools, it should not be a church doing it but everyone in the community who was interested."

It soon became apparent that many were interested! Parents, teachers, students, and school officials welcomed it with open arms. Interest in the program was so great, in fact,

that it led to the formation of a community-wide Drug Abuse Council which soon will open a treatment center in downtown Orlando. In addition, the program has been introduced to cities throughout Florida.

"We saw the terrific need that was arising primarily with the young people I was coming in contact with in our own church," explained Mr. Buhl.

One youth had been sniffing glue. Another 16-year-old youth died from sniffing lighter fluid in a paper sack. At the local high school, only four minutes from the church, students said you could walk down the hall and ask almost any student for marijuana. Just about any kind of drug was available, and everyone knew

*If we can reach young people before they start using drugs, we have a better inroad to them," observes the Rev. Gary W. Buhl (left) who joins Dr. Robert W. Curry to talk with Orlando junior-high students.*





**Dr. Robert Silver:**

*"Youthful drug users need the support of their peers daily when they feel some urge to return to old patterns of behavior. They need a place very much like Alcoholics Anonymous."*



**Dr. Robert W. Curry:**

*"Ministers and doctors had to get where the action was, and that's talking to teen-agers . . . Hopefully, an informed teen-ager will make the decision that drug abuse is not in his own interest."*



**Police Lt. Joe Mele:**

*"We can get more mileage for our tax dollar if we can convince a young person not to use drugs in the first place rather than letting him get started and trying to convince him later to get off drugs."*

those who pushed it on campus.

Pine Castle United Methodist Church is perhaps a typical suburban church. Its families are largely middle-upper-middle class whose breadwinners work downtown. Among its members are nine physicians, one of whom developed the original idea for the drug-abuse program and is its director today. He is also the former lay leader and says he acted against drugs more as a churchman than as a physician: "I would never have gotten involved in this program unless I definitely felt that God was directing me."

Dr. Robert W. Curry, head radiologist at Orange Memorial Hospital, had worked with public-school programs on smoking. As he became increasingly aware of the drug problem in the community, he saw the need for a similar school program on drugs. Dr. Curry felt strongly that it had to be more than a literature handout: "Ministers and doctors had to get where the action was, and that's talking to teen-agers." But how, he wondered, do you do this?

Dr. Curry is a member of the Florida Conference Board of Christian Social Concerns, and in January, 1969, he presented his minister-doctor proposal to the board. His arguments

persuaded the board to back the program in the Orlando District and provide \$1,500 for expenses.

The board decided it would be best to put the plan on an ecumenical basis and work through the ministerial association. Funds now automatically go into the association treasury, and United Methodists retain no control.

The next step was to obtain permission from public-school officials and decide upon scheduling procedures. A joint school-church group discussed program format and leadership, selected appropriate films approved by the schools, and decided that no specific denomination should be named. County school administrators agreed to schedule the program in all junior and senior high schools.

Then came the call for volunteers from the ministerial association and the Orange County Medical Society. Enthusiastic response brought 117 doctors and 65 ministers into the team effort.

Each participant received literature on drug abuse, sample questions to use in classroom discussions, and learned his responsibilities as a member of a two-man team: the minister brings the film and the doctor leads the discussion. Program funds pay a part-time secretary who helps co-

ordinate scheduling of the team talks.

Mr. Buhl sees this program as an opportunity for ministers, by their very presence, to show their concern for youth.

"We learn to listen to what you're saying, therefore developing understanding. We're there to help when ethical and moral questions are asked, not to point a finger and say, 'What you are doing is wrong and you have sinned.'"

While the program emphasizes dangers of drug abuse, it carefully steers away from preaching or condemning attitudes. By using the team approach it presents honest, factual information considering the medical, ethical, and moral implications of drug use.

The one-hour sessions are generally conducted in the fall with 50 to 60 students (two science classes) in each. Following introduction of the doctor and minister (no church mentioned) the two present one of the 20-minute films geared to various age levels. For sixth, seventh, and eighth graders, an introductory film, *Drug and the Nervous System*, is shown. Ninth and 10th-graders, who are taking drivers education, view *Driving and Drugs*. Eleventh and 12th-grade advance to *Speed Scene*.



After the film the doctor opens the question-answer-discussion period. In a typical session he might start with an example of the "pitch" in drugs and ask, "Why do they want to sell you drugs?" From there he continues:

"There's a tremendous profit with any drug so you're going to hear a real good pitch because a lot of money is being made.

"I don't know how much is being sold here, but it is being sold all over Orlando. If you haven't been approached, you will be—not by an old character like me, maybe, but someone more your own age.

"I'm not here to talk about the profit, or the tricks used, but rather about effects . . . Any questions?"

"Most of the kids take the attitude that marijuana is no different from alcohol," observes the Pine Castle Church pastor. "They say the user isn't dependent on it and thus they see no danger in using marijuana. What they have not taken into consideration is the emotional dependence they place upon the drug.

"At the junior-high level," he continues, "you get naive questions seeking facts. You know they don't really understand a great deal about the various drugs. Perhaps this is good because we're trying to introduce them to the bad effects and give them the best outlook."

While some authorities estimate that 50 percent of the teen-agers in Florida experiment with drugs, Mr. Buhl does not feel they are down to the junior-high level in Orlando yet—at least not marijuana—although there may be some glue sniffing.

"If we can reach young people before they start using drugs, we feel we have a better inroad to them than with the senior-high youth," said the pastor. "We don't have too much power of persuasion at that point."

For this reason the Orlandoans put most emphasis on the lower-age bracket. Leaders realize, however, that it is the student who must make the final decision. Hopefully, it will be an informed student who will be able to decide that drug abuse is not for him.

An outgrowth of the drug school program is the Drug Abuse Council of Orange County, Inc., which meets once a month as a time of sharing for anyone in the community. Businessmen, parents, doctors, community leaders, and others discuss various

aspects of drug abuse and listen to informed speakers.

The council is concerned with all aspects of drug abuse such as prevention, rehabilitation, medical and legal problems. It co-ordinates programs, schedules speakers locally and throughout the state, and generally provides information as to what is going on and how people can help.

#### Plan Treatment Center

Plans are under way by the council to open a treatment center called the "Headquarters." The council already has a house in downtown Orlando for the center but must resolve a fire-zone problem before it opens.

Adviser to the center is Dr. Robert Silver, psychiatrist at Orange Memorial Hospital and member of the council's board of directors.

One of the things he has learned about youthful drug users is that "they need more than you can usually give them in usual type of therapy where you talk to them for an hour once or twice a week. They need the support of their peers daily when they feel some urge to turn to old patterns of behavior. They need a place very much like Alcoholics Anonymous."

Dr. Silver hopes that if "a young person feels his involvement in drugs is detrimental, and he wants to do something about it, he can come to the Orlando center to get a start with support, understanding, and help along the way." At present, he said, there is no formal program in Orlando with people to call on. Most users just depend on their friends to "talk them down" from the heights of a bad drug trip.

It may be necessary in severe cases to take them to the hospital, he said, but this often presents a complication because hospitals cannot treat minors without parental consent. This puts the user in a bind because he does not want his parents to know.

"Many young people often die of drug reaction because their friends are afraid to bring them in for medical attention for fear police will find out, they'll find out about friends, or an individual will be forced to talk about his activity," explained Dr. Silver. Hopefully, he added, "the treatment center, Drug Abuse Program, and the council will bring drugs out in the open so kids can talk about it."

One of the doctor's concerns is the

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possible appearance of drugs at the center. "There is a tendency wherever young people gather for drugs to be somewhere near," he said. "This is the place where people want to get off drugs, and we can't allow anybody who's using or possessing drugs to be in this facility. If the young people can't enforce this themselves, then we can't have a place like this."

Reflecting on the overall drug scene, Dr. Silver thinks people are generally becoming more cautious about ingesting drugs. Some are even afraid to take drugs prescribed by their own doctors.

Dr. Silver believes a variety of rehabilitative approaches should be available giving drug users as many choices as possible in escaping this self-destructive way of life and committing himself to a constructive program. The doctor warned, however, that things sometimes get polarized, that is, psychological versus law-enforcement approach. It is as if you follow one of these, he said, and you have the problem solved.

"I'm very much afraid that the drug problem will be with us for a long time." Dr. Silver adds, "Having medical treatments, the new drug center, even three more centers, will not mean that young people are not going to take drugs or there isn't going to be a drug-abuse problem. We'll just get used to it and do the best we can as we do with alcoholism and so many of our other social problems. I doubt that we will be able to eradicate it."

One person who knows the law-enforcement end of drug abuse in Orlando and sees the problem growing every day, is Lt. Joe Mele of the Orlando Police Department. In charge of the vice department, he is often pressured by adults for stricter laws and penalties for persons arrested in drug abuse. This is not the long-range answer, as he sees it.

In his opinion the answer is in the area of education—like the clergy-physician-school Drug Abuse Program. "We can get more mileage for our tax dollars if we can convince a young person not to use drugs in the first place rather than letting him get started and trying rather futilely to convince him later to get off drugs.

"That's the biggest waste of effort we make now," he said, "getting someone who's hooked, or about to be hooked, off drugs." The prob-

lem with marijuana, he stressed, is that "it is capable of providing escapism, and that's what drug abuse is all about."

"A young man doing his first marijuana cigarette in school one day is not going to go onto harder drugs because marijuana is addicting—it's not—or because he builds a tolerance to its use—he doesn't. But it is capable of providing that young man his first escape from reality." There are legitimate channels for escape, noted the law-enforcement officer, but "distorting your mind with drugs isn't one of them. You have to return to reality. You can't stay stoned all the time."

### Need Help of Young People

Lt. Mele believes that the majority of young people in the community are straight. They're just not saying anything. "Young people hate to preach to their peers. They say, 'Look, society, the establishment, my parents are always preaching to me, telling me what to do. Why should I preach to someone in my peer group and tell them not to do drugs, not to do grass, acid?'"

"If we could get the straight kids to say to their friends, 'Look, if you do drugs I don't want anything to do with you,' it would practically solve drug abuse overnight."

Every day Lt. Mele sees the problem growing on the streets in Orlando, and he believes that unless young people stand up and say they are against drug abuse, it will continue to grow.

Has the Drug Abuse Program been successful in helping stem drug abuse in Orlando? Two years is a relatively short time when dealing in this area, and no one really seems to know.

"The program went more efficiently this year," observed Mr. Buhl, "but so far as drugs are concerned we're so close to it we don't know if it's any better or not." He hears less from youth about drugs than he did a year ago. Kids tell him, "Don't talk to us about drugs. We've heard drugs until it's floating out our ears."

Perhaps the program's immediate success, however, was in enlisting support from churches, civic clubs, medical, ministerial, and mental-health associations, law-enforcement agencies, schools, and—most of all—parents and youth.

Orlando is aware of its drug prob-

lem and brought it even more into the open with formation of the Drug Abuse Council. When the "Head-quarters" opens, users will have an open place to go for help.

Another indication of the program's success is its expansion beyond the Orlando community. After the first successful year, the Board of Christian Social Concerns produced a booklet, *The Community and Concerned People*, describing the organizational structure of the Orlando program as a guide for others.

The 5,000 copies have already been distributed throughout Florida, and in February and March the United Methodist conference conducted workshops to introduce the program to its other 11 districts. In addition the conference opened a drug and alcohol film library at United Methodist headquarters in Lakeland, Fla.

The Orlando program has not yet asked for any local financial support, but it is going to. Leaders feel they can easily get \$1,500 from the community in another year and release the United Methodist money to help start a similar effort elsewhere.

In 1970 the Florida legislature set up a statewide drug-abuse program to evaluate and co-ordinate some 80 local endeavors and establish a program in Florida schools this September. State officials are impressed with the Orlando plan and local school officials indicate it will continue.

Perhaps the best indication of its success comes from one Orange County school official, James Vickers, supervisor of health.

"We haven't put all our eggs in one basket, but have tried a lot of different approaches. We feel that the minister-doctor approach is one of the best so far. We picked an age and grade level where we felt the students would still be willing to listen and contribute. It's worked real well. We've been through all our secondary schools two years in a row now.

"You have to go under the assumption that the program has helped. It's a hard thing to measure, but it's started them thinking. Once they have started their thought processes and their decision making, then we hope they make the correct decisions."

—Lynda Peak



# NEWS

## US, CHILDREN TURED ON TV

various ecumenical combinations, United Methodists are in the midst of several new radio and television ventures.

Most widely known is a series of television spot announcements addressed to children on the theme *Nice to Share*. United Methodist Division of Television, Radio, and Film Communication (TRAFCO) participated in the series with counterpart agencies in the United Presbyterian Church, the Episcopal Church, and the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ).

TRAFCO official said that two television networks, ABC and NBC, selected the spots under their non-commercial classification and programmed them in "children's viewing time." TRAFCO paid \$5,000 toward the series' \$46,000 production and distribution costs.

A more marked departure, according to TRAFCO's Nelson Price, is a series of television and radio spots on the teachings of Jesus and the response of people of his day. The television spots, totaling 1/2 minutes viewing time, were filmed in Israel by a crew under United Presbyterian direction. TRAFCO shared costs.

Price said that the Jesus series is aimed at TV's main audience—middle-aged Americans, and that companion radio spots are aimed at various audiences including youth.

Price added that the television networks so far have classified the Jesus spots as "theological" and have declined to accept them for showing. Efforts will be made, he said, to get the spots booked through local stations.

Other ecumenical ventures involving TRAFCO include production of radio spots in Spanish and a "Survival" campaign aimed at enabling local people to determine priorities and to get their help in solving these issues. TRAFCO holds major responsibility for the "Survival" campaign, with United Presbyterian assistance.

## EXPULSIONS, AUTONOMY SHAKE MISSION SCENE

Expulsions and autonomy.

Those words describe better than any others the current condition of western Christian missions in general and United Methodist missionary work in particular.

At least two governments recently expelled United Methodist missionaries.

The South African government served deportation orders on three young American church workers, two of whom are United Methodist. The three had been working in youth programs of the Methodist Church of South Africa. According to press reports, no official reason was given for their expulsion, but several news accounts speculated that it might have been related to multiracial aspects of the young workers' programs.

In a similar "no official reason" situation the Rev. and Mrs. Milo Thornberry, Jr., United Methodist missionaries, were expelled from Taiwan. Mr. Thornberry taught church history at the interdenominational Taiwan Theological College.

Board of Missions officials in New York speculated that the ouster may have come because of the Thornberrys' "long and well-known

friendship with many Chinese and Taiwanese people," some of them known as unfavorable to the Taiwanese government.

An expulsion of a different sort continues against United Methodist Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa of Rhodesia. Last September the Rhodesian government banned him from that nation's tribal trust lands (predominantly for blacks). This means that he cannot visit 75 percent of the churches under his episcopal leadership.

The Rhodesia United Methodist Conference in a special session last summer opposed Rhodesia's new constitution with its Land Tenure Act that divides the country into white and African areas. At that conference Bishop Muzorewa made what Board of Missions officials have called a historic affirmation: "I will fight as a Christian and by Christian methods of nonviolence this whole issue before us." The government's ban against him followed within two months.

Expulsion was too strong a word, but a drastic change in mission operations was clearly indicated at a recent Asian missionary conference which, though interdenominational, focused on Methodism.

No one at the conference defended a proposed option that Asian churches continue to function primarily with funds and personnel from the West. Nor was there sentiment for dismantling the entire missionary system.

Preferred was a move toward broad ecumenical relationships, with Asian churches to assume complete responsibilities for utilization of mission funds.

One observer said this was the most important direction set by the Asian church since 1945. Leaders agreed that the "modern missionary era" has ended.

Since the General Conference of 1968 United Methodists in some 12 countries of Asia, Europe, and Latin America have either become autonomous or have gone into union churches.

Latest votes for autonomy were taken by provisional United Methodist annual conferences in Sierra Leone, Taiwan, and Hong Kong. All would need approval by the 1972 General Conference.

The Sierra Leone Conference is the first African unit of United Methodism to seek autonomy.

The Puerto Rico Annual Conference is still weighing any specific changed status, but has expressed preference for more autonomy and self-determination.



*An exposure to children was one purpose of a recent month's work for Debbie Tozier and eight other students at United Methodist-related Westmar College in Le Mars, Iowa. They served daily as teacher aides in Sioux City inner-city schools as part of their teacher-education training.*



## COMPUTERS AND PRIVACY: NEED CHRISTIANS WORRY?

Man must master the computer before it destroys his constitutional right to privacy.

That was the gist of what some 20 speakers and panelists agreed upon at a recent public affairs symposium on *Privacy* at United Methodist-related Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa.

During the four-day symposium, the sixth sponsored jointly by Dickinson students and faculty, consumer advocate Ralph Nader, U.S. Senator Sam J. Ervin of North Carolina, and others spoke urgently about the threat to modern man from computerized-data banks, credit-rating systems, health and insurance records, FBI and CIA dossiers, Army surveillance of civilians, wire tapping and other forms of electronics snooping in the name of crime control.

All were agreed that the privacy of the average American as guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution's First Amendment is being invaded at an alarming rate.

It was emphasized that computers in and out of government possess an almost limitless capability to store, intermingle and, at the push of a button, retrieve information on persons, organizations, and a variety of their activities, all without the knowledge of those involved.

The information can cover every act of man from the cradle to the grave, panelists agreed.

Mr. Nader, keynote speaker at the symposium, declared that anyone posing as a prospective employer and willing to pay a \$5 or \$10 fee can get information on 72 million Americans whose records are stored in the computerized files of two large credit-rating bureaus.

"The files of these two companies," he said, "contain information that covers the individual's job, associations, marital status, personal habits, and background gossip drawn from neighbors or anyone willing to talk to the credit bureau investigators."

He called for amendments to strengthen the new Federal Fair Credit Reporting Act so as to authorize law suits for damages against the misuse of privately held intelligence data. The act becomes effective April 25, 1971.

Senator Ervin, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, declared that privacy in the nation has been invaded "to the point of tyranny."

## What's a Nice Car Like You...

Maybe you've seen the ad in national magazines: A sleek new Chrysler parked on the church lawn, a spotlightlike sun setting behind the steepled white-frame structure, and three persons standing happily beside the car.

The handsome young man is holding a baby wrapped in a blanket. The beauteous young lady smiles approvingly. A man of the cloth stands between them, beaming beneficently.

Beautiful car, beautiful church, beautiful people, beautiful story.

But the *Virginia Advocate*, publication of United Methodism's Virginia Conference, recently revealed the story behind the story.

It's a real church all right—Nimmo United Methodist Church at Virginia Beach. And that's the real pastor, the Rev. Emory S. Ellmore,

pictured with the young people.

The handsome young man, Fyd Kellam, Jr., is a member of the church. But he's not married. What about the young lady? She's his sister. And the baby? A friend loaned "couple" his.

Kellam said he had gone to church routinely one Sunday in June and he noticed two strangers in the service. Afterward the strangers asked if he'd like to buy an ad. He said yes.

The strangers asked him to buy an ad for his wife, a baby about five weeks old, and join the minister and photography crew at 6 p.m. The phone calls provided "wife" and child.

Kellam said it was fun, and he enjoyed the \$75 payment. He said it was the last laugh anyhow. He drives an Oldsmobile.

To illustrate the extent of the invasion he revealed for the first time that the U.S. Passport Office keeps a secret computerized file on 243,135 Americans, and that persons listed on the file may not know it.

"I believe," Senator Ervin said, "Congress and legislatures must do more than talk about privacy. They must heed the complaints which they are receiving and act on them."

Dr. Jerry M. Rosenberg, a practicing physiotherapist and author of *The Death of Privacy: Do Government and Industrial Computers Threaten Our Personal Freedom?* (Random House, \$6.95), told the symposium that computerized systems "offer great potential for increased efficiency; yet they also present the gravest threat of invasion of our innermost thoughts and actions."

"The ultimate submission must be of the machine to man," he said. "If we fail to act immediately to preserve our claims to anonymity . . . we may develop a permanent fear. The fear I am speaking of is a fear to enjoy the fuller opportunities of life. We will hesitate before experimenting with challenges of the world. We could become carbon copies of one another—conforming, dull and physiologically equivalent to the computer—heartless and nonemotional."

A Christian perspective on the

question of privacy was put in focus at the outset of the symposium at a Sunday-morning worship service by the Rev. Anrew Young, a minister of the United Church of Christ and executive director of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Mr. Young said the true Christian should have nothing to hide and said he had been unable to find anything in Scripture to support privacy.

He said if the Christian is ready to accept the fact that God sees man in spite of his guilt and shame, then the whole question of privacy others think wouldn't be important.

"We really wouldn't be so concerned about our privacy," he said, "because we would really have nothing to hide, nothing that has been laid bare before God. So there is nothing over which we are really quiver and quake at the thought of being found out by others."

"The lives of Paul and all the other saints seem to show that when man finds himself accepted by God and involved in a relationship promised in Jesus Christ, then his need for privacy is really not there any more and he sees no need to share his life and make it a life for others."



## T CATHOLIC NUN S GENERAL AGENCY

umenical history may have made in The United Methodist Church with appointment of a Roman Catholic nun as a general staff member.

Dr. Helen C. Volkomener, a sister in the Roman Catholic Providence Community, Seattle, Wash., and associate professor of philosophy and sociology at

thern Oregon College, Ashland, will become executive secretary of development education and training in the Women's Division of United Methodist Board of Missions on July 1. She will succeed Helene Castel who resigned.

While many lay Catholics are employed by United Methodist agencies and priests teach in the seminaries' colleges, Sister Volkomener is believed to be the first Catholic religious (priest or nun) employed by a United Methodist general board. She is a native of Australia but was educated in the U.S. Miss Florence Little, division director, told the division's executive committee that giving of United Methodist women to missions and related causes through the Women's Society of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guild totaled 5.16 percent in 1970. Income from WSCS and guild membership in 1970 totaled \$13,055,937, a decrease of \$710,303 from 1969. Expenditures during 1970 totaled \$4,93,270. With a carryover deficit from the previous year, 1970 expenditures exceeded income from member giving by \$1,033,333.

The committee voted to make up the 1970 deficit through income from bequests, investments, sales of securities and other sources.

Miss Little also reported that United Methodist women gave \$108,100 in 1970 in a once-in-four years special offering. The money was distributed to a variety of projects to aid women in the U.S. and Africa.

Projects receiving funds included: \$1,000 for the Licensed Practical Nursing School at McCurdy Schools, Santa Cruz, N.Mex., a United Methodist mission project; \$13,000 for training of para-professionals, around a program planned by the Women United, in upgrading skills of women in household

employment to enable them to take positions in day-care centers or similar projects; \$23,000 for National Welfare Rights Organization; \$10,000 to the Delta Ministry in Mississippi; \$5,000 for Freedom Farm Co-operative in Sunflower County, Miss., for feeder pig and vegetable projects.

Allocations from this fund also included \$36,000 to be used in several programs in Africa.

## MEMBERSHIP SCORES NEAR-NEGLECTIBLE GAIN

U.S. church membership in 1969-70 registered a modest gain of 0.03 percent, as against the previous year's gain of 1.6 percent.

Based on official reports of 230 church bodies, new membership total is 128,505,084, up 35,348 from the previous year, according to the 1971 *Yearbook of American Churches*.

The 0.03 percent gain was the lowest in modern times.

Figures for 1969-70 show 62.4 percent of the people in the United States were church members, as compared with 63.1 percent for the year before.

A further decline was shown in church attendance figures. Forty-two percent of American adults said they attended church on Sundays. The year before the figure was 43 percent.

Registering the biggest decline among major Protestant groups was The United Methodist Church with a loss of 166,710 members for a total of 10,824,010. The Episcopal Church was off 43,618 to 3,330,272. United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., now with 3,165,490 on its rolls, was down 57,173. American Lutheran Church membership dropped to 2,559,588, losing 16,517.

Among other major bodies, the United Church of Christ had a loss of 34,750, dropping to 1,997,898.

While the Roman Catholic membership loss was a mere 1,146, reducing its total to 47,872,089, this was the first Catholic loss reported.

Among major groups showing gains were the Southern Baptist Convention, up 157,227 to 11,487,708, and the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod with an increase of 4,210 to 2,786,102.

## CALIFORNIA, MISSISSIPPI CHURCHES HIT BY STORMS

Shortly after United Methodist steeples toppled and walls cracked in the California earthquake, early spring tornadoes hit five churches in Mississippi raising roofs and, in one case, blowing an entire church off its foundation.

Damage was heavy to 10 Los Angeles-area churches. Three buildings were temporarily condemned. Vermont Square Church in Los Angeles, Central in Glendale, and El Mesias in San Fernando all await structural inspection to determine their fate. In the other seven churches, however, members fill sanctuaries for Sunday-morning worship even though some organs can't be played, stained-glass windows are shattered, and cracks scar sanctuary and church-school building walls.

United Methodist losses in California came to more than \$700,000. The largest loss, \$450,000, occurred at a Burbank retirement home formerly operated by Evangelical United Brethren. Although Pacific Home's main building was destroyed, all 50 residents escaped unharmed.

The 514 churches in the Southern California-Arizona Conference received a special offering. Totals weren't quickly available but one official anticipated receipts of \$50,000. In addition Bishop Dwight Loder announced that \$200,000 remaining from the 1969 Council of Bishops' Hurricane Camille appeal which he headed will be available to California churches.

While Californians were picking themselves up from the earthquake and feeling occasional aftershocks, more than 50 tornadoes struck the Mississippi Delta area and, less severely, parts of Louisiana and North Carolina.

Five churches in the small Mississippi towns of Inverness, Swiftown, Moorhead, and Delta City were demolished and one parsonage damaged.

While no loss estimates were available, one official noted that most of the heavy damage would be covered by insurance and no special appeal would be made. He added that Bishop Edward Pendergrass anticipates \$100,000 from the balance in the Camille fund.

Some of the churches hit by Hurricane Camille in 1969 were just dedicating new buildings and pulling out of that disaster. Fortunately for them, at least, this spring's twisters struck in different areas.



## CHURCH INVESTMENTS: WITNESS TO CORPORATIONS

Church wealth in this country is estimated to be at least \$160 billion. Much of this is invested in stocks, bonds, and corporate enterprises. In these areas the church lately has been actively engaged in juggling its resources for the common good.

Recently the Episcopal Church asked General Motors to end its manufacturing operations in South Africa. Owning 12,574 of the 285 million outstanding shares of GM stock, the church made the request because it opposes South Africa's apartheid (racial separation) policy.

As early as 1968 The United Methodist Board of Missions, also opposing South Africa's policy, withdrew a \$10-million investment from a New York City bank which had a loan agreement with the South African nation.

Agencies representing seven denominations are presently lobbying to postpone copper mining in Puerto Rico proposed by Kennecott Copper Company and American Metal Climax, Inc. (AMAX). Collectively, the seven agencies own 143,000 of Kennecott's 33 million shares and 60,000 of AMAX's 23 million shares.

Last November an ecumenical group called the "Mobilization to End the War in the Churches" asked all denominations to divest themselves of "war" stocks, claiming that seven of the largest denominations own \$83 million in 17 companies holding defense contracts.

Both United Presbyterian and United Church of Christ agencies are fighting continuation of Gulf Oil operations in Angola on the grounds that investments there support the Portuguese colonial regime in the African territory.

One early church tangle with a corporation occurred in 1967 when many denominational groups withheld stock proxies from Eastman Kodak Company. The protest stemmed from the company's handling of a black employment training program in Rochester, N.Y. After months of threats, boycotts, and protests, churches voted for the company's slate of directors after being assured of changes in Kodak policy.

Many church groups got on the economic-protest bandwagon after the issuing of the Black Manifesto two years ago. Fearing reprisals if they supported the manifesto, many groups sought a new approach. Thus, a reexamination of their in-



Oldest known Methodist hospital in the world, Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, N.Y., has been designated a national United Methodist landmark. At plaque unveiling ceremonies were, from left, hospital Executive Director Vernon Stutzman, board of managers President C. Wesley Meytrott, and New York Area Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke. The hospital hopes to complete an \$80 million expansion by 1971.

vestments with refurbished goals of fair play and goodwill was carried out.

Almost all mainline church groups now have investment committees whose function is to decide policies for the church's holdings.

Biggest problem seems to be the possible illegality of using earmarked funds. For example in 1969 the Unitarian-Universalist Association authorized investment of \$500,000 of restricted funds in enterprises of social concerns. But only a fraction of the amount could be used because of requirements for yield, safety, and marketability of investment.

Even when there is room for discretion in church investing, decisions usually are made not by staff members but by laymen and clergy making up official, incorporated boards of directors. And, at best, church holdings are small. Churches know that, and they also know that their best bet is to raise the moral issues and, perhaps, gain the support of larger groups.

But there seems to be a continuing effort by churches to take their witness to the corporations. They're beginning to disagree with the economist who held that the responsibility of business is to "increase its profits so long as it stays within the rules of the game." At least, the vocal church investors are demanding that the rules be deeply humane.

## PLANNED POPULATION LAW REMAINS PENNILESS

The United States has a piece of legislation which President Nixon has called "landmark" in making, but it hasn't got a penny to its name.

Public Law 91-572 is its formal name, and Senator Joseph Tydings introduced it as the family-planning and population bill in the 91st Congress. He was around to see it passed into law [see *Too Many People . . . Too Much Garbage*, January, page 9], but he lost his 1970 bid for reelection and can't directly help in congressional efforts to fund it.

Earlier this year a Senate subcommittee was willing to grant \$17 million in supplemental Health, Education, and Welfare funds to launch the planned-population program. But a House subcommittee wouldn't agree, so funds weren't available.

Authorization of the bill extends for three years. Thus two years remain for Congress to fund the penniless population orphan.



# Contrast in Two Race Groups

Contrasts in style and approach are evident in recent annual and biennial meetings of United Methodistism's official Commission on Religion and Race and the unofficial Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR).

The commission met in Tampa, only two days after BMCR's meeting in Dallas, Texas. Several Black Methodists participated in sessions.

BMCR went through some turbulence as a successor was sought to a three-year national chairman, Rev. James Lawson. There were disputes and demands for consideration by some vying for this and other elected positions before the Rev. Gilbert Caldwell of New York was elected chairman. But a fraternal spirit prevailed in most sessions.

In Tampa, commission members constantly shuffled papers and raised questions. There were occasions when tensions mounted, but members generally spoke in somewhat subdued tones.

For a better understanding of the groups, look at their history. BMCR was started four years ago by a group of blacks who sought stronger ties among blacks in the church, a firmer witness, and increased appreciation of their history as churchmen. To date, the group has received its largest support from the Fund for Reconciliation—\$180,000 over three years. It has also received funds from other sources, but by and large it has had to scrape for money to carry out its programs.

The Commission on Religion and Race came into being by action of the 1968 General Conference. Its objectives include effecting better relations among the church's some 10,000 ethnic members and working for a more inclusive church. As an official agency, it is supported by both general-church funds.

At the 1970 General Conference, it authorized \$2 million for each of the next two years to be used by the commission for disadvantaged groups. At the Tampa meeting, the allocation—\$475,000 for 10 minority self-determination projects—was approved.

One of the 10 recipients was BMCR, which received the largest grant—\$125,000—to be used for a Minority Enterprise Small Business Investment Co. (MESBIC),

initiated by BMCR. Purpose of MESBIC is to assist minority businesses with capital funds.

Another project receiving funds was the Inner City Parish of Kansas City, Mo. Given \$40,000 for one year, the parish had the support of most commission members, but its funding evoked the longest debate of the sessions.

While the commission was funding projects like BMCR's, constituents of BMCR pressed for funds from other sources. The United Methodist Board of Missions was called upon to earmark for the denomination's 12 black colleges the \$1.2 million it recently received in war damage claims from the federal government.

BMCR also said a "formal suit" might be lodged against the Board of Missions in hopes of upsetting charter restrictions on use of all endowment trusts.

BMCR heard three major addresses during a three-day confab attended by some 700. In contrast, the 32-member commission heard no major speeches, only reports from its various committees and plans for future undertakings.

Women were actively involved in the work of the commission. With BMCR, they seemed to have taken a back seat.

BMCR was stern in its resolutions with a "we can't afford to wait" attitude. The commission was less demanding. For example, the commission's resolution regarding the Missouri West Annual Conference's withdrawal of funds from the Inner City Parish in Kansas City was very cautious. The resolution acknowledged that the conference was still seeking a solution.

Both groups adopted strategies for getting a fair representation of minorities at Jurisdictional and General Conferences. Both also sought ties with other prominent groups. BMCR had several officials from other groups present including the chairman of the National Committee of Black Churchmen who spoke on importance for group unity.

The commission listened to a report from the president of the Black Youth/Young Adult Action Task Force. The commission's staff has been working closely with the group. Four nonvoting youth members met with the commission for the first time. —James Campbell

## United Methodists in the News

Dr. Thomas Jefferson Kerr IV was named president of United Methodist-related Otterbein College in Westerville, Ohio, effective July 1. Dr. Kerr succeeds the retiring Dr. Lynn W. Turner who recently received a George Washington Honor Medal from the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge for a speech to the 1970 graduating class at Otterbein.

The Chicago Conference on Religion and Race named a United Methodist layman, Albert M. Ragland, as its first black executive director. He has been executive director of the Chicago Co-ordinating Committee of Black Churchmen and on the staff of the Church Federation of Greater Chicago.

On the Sunday following his inauguration, Gov. Dale Bumpers of Arkansas directed the choir at the United Methodist Church in Charleston, Ark., where he has served as choir director for several years.

DEATHS: The Rev. T. Otman Firing, retired president and founder of United Methodist-related Kendall College in Evanston, Ill. . . . Miss Elizabeth Hughey, Methodist Publishing House librarian for more than 20 years.

## CENTURY CLUB

One of the 10 women joining our Century Club this month, Mrs. Jennie Morrow Decker, shares her birthday with her famous grandfather, General Sam Houston, first governor of the Republic of Texas. March 2, her birthday, is also Texas Independence Day.

Mrs. Martha (Edwin) Allmendinger, 100, Bay City, Mich.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Dawson, 100, Springfield, Ohio.

Mrs. Jennie Morrow Decker, 100, Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Emma Douglas, 100, Dunedin, Fla.

Naomi Fletcher, 100, Boulder, Colo.

Mrs. Olive Fuller, 100, Oshkosh, Wis.

Mrs. Frank E. Meekin, 100, Bethesda, Md.

Mrs. Mary (John) Scott, 100, Albany, N.Y.

Mrs. James J. Wilburn, 100, Greenville, S.C.

Mrs. Clara Wurtz, 100, Joliet, Ill.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church and location where a member.

# Your Brother's Keeper?

A MILLION eight hundred fifty thousand people killed! That is the total of motor-vehicle fatalities in the United States since the advent of the automobile. This is 700,000 more persons slain than all U.S. war dead from the Revolutionary War to Viet Nam.

Annually some 55,000 Americans meet death on the highways, and some 2 million suffer disabling injuries. The staggering cost of motor-vehicle accidents in the U.S. last year was nearly \$13 billion.

What can be done to stem this terrible toll in human life and to reduce this appalling waste of money and materials?

1. Federal and state governments must become really serious about highway safety. One congressman has termed government lack of support for motor-safety programs as nothing short of scandalous.

2. All states must require mandatory annual safety checks which cover every one of our 11.5 million motor vehicles and periodic reexaminations of our 111 million licensed drivers.

3. Automobile manufacturers must take more initiative to rectify failures in their products and to continue adding safety devices as soon as they prove effective.

4. Driver safety must become everybody's business. Most drivers still neglect to use safety belts, ignore speed limits, and postpone essential vehicle maintenance. Half of our highway fatal accidents involve drinking drivers.

5. Highway safety must be seen as a moral issue. Senseless killing in Ohio or Arkansas is no more justifiable than civilian casualties in Viet Nam. To ignore this is to commit sin both in social and personal dimensions.

It is high time that we as churchmen take off our moral blinders. Too many of us have enjoyed a comfortable but unholy complicity in a situation that permits unparalleled human carnage to continue unchecked. Lofty platitudes about Christian love are meaningless when we daily subject persons to our careless and indiscriminate handling of those potentially lethal 3,000-pound steel projectiles known as automobiles.

Let's begin to practice and promote highway safety as a moral responsibility. The lives we save belong to our brothers.

—Your Editors



# LOVE is a LINK

Mother's doctor had a remedy for each of her minor physical ailments, but there was none for her confusion and loss of memory. How could I help ease her troubled feelings?

By KATHLEEN DAVIS

"I'M NOT going to die, am I? I heard you and the doctor whispering—did he tell you I'm going to die?"

Fear was strong in Mother's voice, and I hurriedly tried to reassure her. "The doctor was telling me about some medicine to make you feel better, Mother."

For several months Mother had seemed increasingly fearful of death. And I had been puzzled and disappointed that the religious faith which had been so much a part of Mother's life for nearly 90 years seemed no longer to have meaning for her. Why, I wondered, should one who has been a practicing Christian for a lifetime not live out her days in assurance of God's love?

Mother is now sightless. As long as any vision remained, she read her Bible daily. But one day, with tears rolling into the furrows of her cheeks, she told me, "I just can't make out any of the words."

After that, I read to her. Often I finished with the 23rd Psalm, which she especially enjoyed.

I don't know when I began to be aware that Mother wasn't paying attention to what I was reading. Perhaps it was the day when she complained suddenly, "Can you fix this—what do you call it?" I put away the Bible and trimmed her nail.

Increasingly, we had realized that much of what we said to Mother she didn't comprehend. As she put it one day, "I heard you. But I don't know what you said."

Often the simplest words were impossible for her to recall. Wanting sugar, she might ask for "soap." Trying to ask for a sweater, she might explain vaguely "the thing we wear." At times she was sufficiently clear minded to be aware of her mental limitations, and then she fretted because "I can't talk anymore!"

So many things distressed her. Her thoughts turned inward, centered on her physical needs and minor discomforts. Her physical health was good, but she was confused and troubled about her body functions. A sore corn was a major complaint.

She complained that we had



*"I dropped to my knees beside her and, holding her body close to mine, tried to tell her of the beauty around us."*

"changed everything" in her room, so that she could no longer find her way about. Trying to persuade her that nothing had been changed was futile. She would become argumentative and angry.

Often it seemed impossible to help her. One morning she declared, "These aren't my shoes. I can't wear these!"

"They are your shoes, Mother."

"Oh, no! My shoes never had strings like these. They had those little buttons." She might have been remembering shoes she had worn in girlhood.

At such times my inability to help her left me feeling a frustration which often took the form of impatience with her. Sometimes, my impatience feeding upon itself, I would crush Mother's illogical arguments with the weight of my superior reasoning.

My lapses of patience troubled me. Talking with my husband about this, I asked, "But why do I not feel relief after 'blowing off steam' at Mother? Actually, I feel more tense afterward than when I restrain my impatience."

After a thoughtful moment my husband suggested, "Do you think it's because your conscience will not let you enjoy victory over a defenseless opponent?" He smiled then. "I'm speaking from my experience. Though she is my own mother, I lose patience with her, too, you know."

A few days after our bit of self-searching, Mother's physician came to give her a monthly checkup. I talked with him about Mother's increasing confusion.

The doctor explained that hardening of the arteries and numerous small strokes were causing Mother's confusion and loss of memory. The strokes, he told me, were probably so mild that we were not aware of their occurrence. They might happen at night or at naptime and likely preceded the periods of dullness we had noticed. She would improve somewhat afterward, but each small stroke would further debilitate her, the doctor predicted.

An aged person whose mind has worn out before his body may suffer in pitiable ways. Thanks to modern medical science, Mother's doctor has a remedy for each of her minor physical ailments. But there is no remedy for the deterioration of her mental abilities, which is the cause of so much distress for her. Tran-



quilizers and sedatives can help to ease her distress, but they tend to induce a stupor not truly living.

Now that I understood Mother's inability to think rationally, I could better understand her fear of death. She seemed no longer to possess her former assurance of God's love. Quite possibly she visualized death as a dire end-all for her. When I tried to pray with her, she seemed not to comprehend the meaning of prayer.

As I considered Mother's self-centeredness, it seemed natural. There are so few outside interests possible for her. She cannot see beauty. The autumn color on our wooded hillside is only darkness for her. The fragrance of a rose means little to her, for "I can't think what a rose is." Because of her difficulty in comprehending, she no longer is interested in being read to. As for the radio newscasts she used to listen to eagerly and then relate to us, she now complains, "That man talks too fast—turn it off!" Although she is able to eat any kind of food, her usual comment about a once-favorite dish is "It doesn't taste like it used to."

I imagine that her blaming us for changing her room might be more comforting to her than to admit her inability to find her way from chair to dresser to bed.

These things I could understand. But how could I help to ease Mother's troubled feelings, her fearfulness about death, and her general unhappiness?

One night, as I lay awake long after going to bed, the words of the 23rd Psalm, which I had so often repeated for Mother, kept running through my mind. And suddenly the significance of the passage impressed me anew. Those beautiful expressions of trust welled from the psalmist's assurance of God's love.

Mother, with her limited mental faculties, could perhaps no longer conceive of God's love for her. But could Mother not feel love expressed to her by physical touch—as a baby senses love from its mother's caress? Could not God's love pass through us—through me—to Mother?

Although I had long loved and respected my husband's mother (and I believe these feelings have been mutual), we had not been demonstrative with each other. But now I was eager to try to express my love.

The next morning when I went

to help Mother from bed, I stooped and kissed her, somewhat self-consciously. I was rewarded by a smile. Helping her to her chair, I lovingly pressed her body against mine. As she settled in her chair, she stretched out her hand to me. I took it, and with her other hand she reached up and patted mine. I could feel love flowing between us!

Mother's response to my expressions of love has continued to surprise me happily. When she senses that I am near her chair, she reaches out to me. I kiss her, and she pats my hand. She doesn't try to talk about this. But a kiss, an arm about her shoulder, a gentle hand squeeze, a pat on her knees unfailingly bring an answering smile. Even the routine of trimming her fingernails can convey affection if I hold her hand lovingly.

Mother no longer consciously reaches out to God, perhaps. But I believe that he reaches out to her through us, her family. I like to believe that our love expressed to Mother is for her a link with God.

And this current of love sparks me to awareness of many small ways of helping Mother. I am more sympathetic toward her minor complaints. I've tried putting myself in her shoes (literally!). I imagined my feet swollen at the end of the day, as hers sometimes are. And I could "feel" the tight shoe pressing a little rock of corn into flesh. (We had a chiropodist remove the corn.)

I have realized at last that arguing with Mother never helps to clarify a situation. Argument only causes her to become excited and angry. If I cannot readily convince her that the shoes she is wearing are her own, I quickly change the subject, and Mother forgets the near-crisis issue.

I have found that Mother is not too confused to relish a compliment. One morning I told her, "Mother, your hair looks so pretty!"

Her eager words came almost as spontaneously as her laugh. "It does? I didn't think I could ever look pretty again!" I have repeated this compliment often. And Mother remembers that her hair is pretty. We must be very careful not to muss it as we help her dress and undress.

A few years ago, when our family began to notice that Mother was "changing," I had admonished our sometimes critical teen-agers to "re-

member Grandmother as she used to be." [See 'Remember Grandmother as She Used to Be,' December, 1964, page 30.]

Now I try to help Grandmother to remember herself as she used to be. During more lucid periods when she frets about her mental failure (to her, the worst possible disgrace), I remind her of her years of service to others. I talk about how faithfully she played the organ for her church; about the compliments her "silver cakes" received at church suppers; about her service to neighbor families in time of illness. I tell her of the beautiful little dresses and suits she made for our children; I even describe the colors. She doesn't often remember, perhaps—"Yellow, now what's that like?" But she smiles. And I think she may feel a sense of restored dignity and pride.

Mother seems happier now. And it has been several months since she has expressed any concern about death.

She keeps beside her a large handbag containing small things of importance to her. Several times each day she empties the contents of the bag into her lap, and tries to identify the articles by feeling them. Today I watched her fumbling attempts to undo the knot she had tied in a plastic bag containing three lacy handkerchiefs.

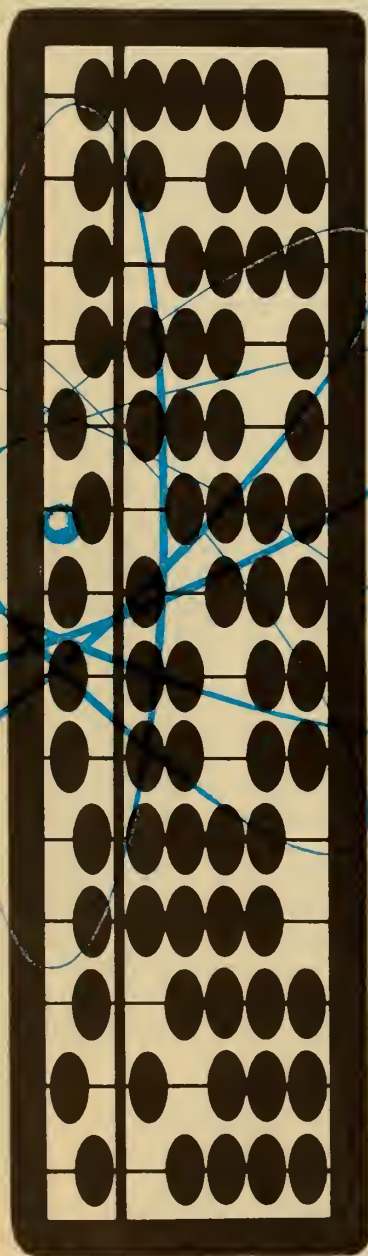
As I turned from her chair, I was facing our large window and the autumn beauty outside. Sun glinted from the red and yellow maple leaves, and a reflected golden light filled our living room. A falling leaf was silhouetted briefly against the blue infinity of sky.

"It seems bright in here. Is the sun shining?" Mother asked. How wide was my world, in comparison with her limited one!

Suddenly I felt so very much alive, thrilled by awareness of life—life, so limited, yet so illimitable in love! I had to share my joy with Mother.

I dropped to my knees beside her and, holding her body close to mine, I tried to tell her of the beauty around us. She patted my hand, and even her sightless eyes seemed to be part of her smile as she said eagerly "Oh, that's so pretty!" □

# AUTOMATION



## Is Technology Good for People?

By ROBERT H. HAMILL

**T**ECHNOLOGY brings enormous benefits through the mastery of nature, and at the same time destroys nature. It relieves human toil, but destroys human skills. It cures disease and cuts the death rate, thereby making a population growth that brings crowding, famine, and starvation.

As communication, it draws people together in peace, as weapons it threatens to abolish mankind. It makes people comfortable, and avaricious. On and on goes this list, describing technology as apples and snakes, both! Men wonder whether the eschaton is to be a "far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves," or the apocalypse. Will 1984 see John's "new heaven and a new earth" or Huxley's "brave new world"?

Condensed from Robert H. Hamill's new book, *Plenty and Trouble*. Copyright © 1971 by Abingdon Press. Publication date April 12, 1971.—Your Editors



## God Meets Us in Our Strength

If we are honest we must confess that technology has eroded the religious spirit. For 200 years Christianity has been bombarded by the technological spirit. During these years men have really come to know that they are competent to handle their own affairs. Once they prayed for rain, but now they entice rain from the skies and desalinate the ocean water. Once they prayed for recovery from disease, now they hurry to the hospital for computerized exams and microscopic tests.

Men and women manage their own affairs, fortified by the conviction that they are but "little less than God" and given "dominion over the works of thy hands, for thou hast put all things under [our] feet." They feel fortified by Bonhoeffer, who made bold to say, "God is teaching us we can get along very well without him," and by Bishop Wickham, who believes God is driving us "to attain a maturer religion that relates God to the things where man is strong, rather than restricting Him to the shrinking areas in which man is weak." This is heady stuff, indeed, but it takes seriously the understanding that God compels men to fashion their own destinies. "Faith moves mountains," said John Calvin, when "armed with axe and spade." Faith moves plagues when armed with DDT and hidden sewers. Faith removes drudgery, armed with computer and the hydraulic press.

The Christian person therefore says yes to technology because, through the technological process, God enables him to meet his neighbor's need effectively. The Christian cannot join the Luddites. Luddites roamed the early 19th-century English towns smashing the new textile machines, and quill penmen rioted when the printing press came to Paris. In our day the firemen who ride the diesel engines and the Linotype operators who insist on hand-setting are the symbolic Luddites, trying to hold off the new technology to protect their ancient jobs. Featherbedding is a gentle form of rioting. Stop automation, stop change! they cry, but stoppers always lose in the end.

Sensible men are now aware that technology cannot be erased. We are not *becoming* technological, we already are technological people. God meets us in this new situation as, in times past, he spoke from the burning bush and the Sinai thunder. The older conceptions of destiny, fate, human limitations, surrendering to the unfathomable will of the Almighty—all such submission is now replaced by the experience of hope and action and confidence which define the self-image of technological people. We are no longer slaves in Egypt. We have moved out toward the New Land, and there God meets us in our inventiveness and in our refusal to be satisfied with old remedies.

## We Are Chosen for Responsibility

People know God has given them dominion over all creation, and that dominion, expressed in the spectacular new technology, entices some people to boast: We are equal to God! and still others to claim: We have replaced God! However, there are two ways to read that verse in Psalms 8. One emphasizes, "Thou hast made him but a *little less than God* and given him *dominion over the works of thy hands*." Or it can be read, "Thou hast made him but a little less than God, *Thou hast given him dominion . . .*" By this reading the human person who holds these vast powers received them from the Creator

who created. The person is created by the One who put creation under his feet. That makes the man accountable. He holds powers in custody.

God no longer allows us to be adolescent. He has sharpened up for us the ancient choice of life or death, maturity or disaster, responsibility or ruin. The danger appears apocalyptic. Technological powers make possible thoughtless destruction. In late summer, 1970, the army had to go through a legal dispute over the burying of nerve-gas rockets in a watery grave off the Florida coast. Men had created something they were unable to live with and apparently unable to destroy in any safe way! Technology makes also for incredible self-deceit; after all, the army meant the nerve gas to threaten other people, not Americans!

Such childish behavior is no longer permitted us. We cannot play with creation; its powers are too dangerous. We are responsible for nature. The second great commandment must now be modified, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself and care for creation as your home." Once we were instructed to love other people because God is incarnate in those people. Now we are instructed to care for nature because God gives the good earth as a home for his people. As God's people we are responsible for God's good earth.

This requires that we take charge of things with energy and rational oversight. That includes stringent political controls over the urban sprawl, poisoned waters, crowded ghettos, mechanized medicine, computerized business. There is a great deal of profit motive behind the pollution of nature, and slothful taking-the-easy-way-out. Businesses replace men with computers and hospitals replace nurses with machines because it is the efficient thing to do; and who will argue with efficiency and prosperity? Both citizens and politicians too often play Brer Rabbit; they "lay low and say nothing."

Responsible social controls will aim first at what we can call the technological syllogism. The general notion prevails that whatever technology can do must be done. If we can get to Mars, we must do it. If we can build the SST, we must build it. That way, capacity determines program, technology becomes teleology. Or, in McLuhan's fashionable slogan, the medium is the message. Call it the technological syllogism. Major premise: Whatever we want to do we can do. Minor premise: Whatever we can do we ought to do. Conclusion: Whatever we want we ought to have. That logic equals moral and intellectual abdication to the technological spirit. "Whatever is possible is necessary" means we capitulate to the clever technicians who conjure up all sorts of devices, demonic or wasteful or trivial.

To resist that syllogism, some hippies take to the rural commune, other people take to drugs, still others engage in strange spiritual quests, but responsible people will take up their political tasks and express their concern through vigorous public action. Technological decisions are too important to leave to technologists and managers. Already the technical people dominate public decisions because they can promise exact and immediate results, and deliver! We have been to the moon, they argue, therefore we can get to Mars. We have carried 100 passengers in jet planes, therefore we can carry 500 in supersonic planes. We have built nuclear subs, therefore we can build a multi-headed atomic missile. But whether



it is worth going to Mars, worth packing half a thousand people into one enormous plane, or worth blasting 10 cities with one shot—those questions belong to the people. Technological achievements don't have to be done simply because they can be done, but they will be done unless responsible people begin to say no. Controls over technology must arise from the people, else the garden will have more snakes than apples.

### The Supreme Human Trait Is Valuing

The distinctive function of the human person is not to make tools (*homo faber*) nor to think (*homo sapiens*) but to make judgments, to evaluate. The word "value" sounds abstract as though it belongs to the philosopher's vocabulary, but to value means to decide.

Some values clearly are more Christian than others. To choose the universal rather than the provincial, for example. Provincial values center around wealth, race, class, nation (read affluent, white, middle, American), and these obviously do not rank with the Christian understanding that all men equally belong to God. Again, according to the prophets and the Magnificat and the Last Judgment parable, it is a Christian value to protect the dispossessed and the underprivileged. Such values are conservative; they endure for a long time and are slow to change. By their inherent nature as values, they are stable, to be vindicated in the long run.

Yet values do change, and in a society of rapid change values change rapidly. Technology has upset, for example, the traditional values associated with rural life, handcrafts, individual enterprise, privacy, and the like. Beyond these specific changes there are two fundamental questions that Christians need to ask about the values of technology.

First, we must question the technological assumption that man's main problems are technical problems, which have only technical solutions. That is a value judgment, and it deserves severe questioning. The technological society assumes that technology can resolve most human problems. A panel member of the AAAS meeting, for instance, said that as soon as the biomedical problems get resolved, the theological problems will dissolve away. True, men confront severe technical problems such as overcrowding, disease, drudgery, pollution, and we must rely on the evolving capacity of technology to help find "solutions" to the problems technology itself has created.

But notice. Every such "solution" reinforces the impact of technology in its totality, which includes more and more unforeseen problems arising from the new solutions. Human survival does require more technology, but every struggling step out of the engulfing spirit of technology only bogs us down farther into the quagmire. "The further we advance into the technological society, the more convinced we become that, in any sphere whatever, there are nothing but technical problems" (Ellul) and technical solutions.

Can we rely on technology to solve the problems it has created when one of its basic assumptions is that it deals with the real problems and it alone has real solutions? Theodore Roszak may be closer to the truth, that "the great secret of the technocracy lies in its capacity to convince us (contrary to everything the great souls in history have told us) that the vital needs of men are purely technical in character." That value, deeply embedded in technology itself, constitutes one overwhelming

value which Christian people must resist. They know there are other problems more critical and other solutions more humane.

The second question Christian people put to the technological spirit arises out of the question whether technology is fundamentally an instrumental tool or a determining process. A good deal can be said to justify the belief that it is only a tool, to be used for whatever purposes its managers decide. After all, the computer eases human drudgery and hi-fi equipment brings Heifitz to the living room. Technology serves human values! However, there is the danger that technology becomes so efficient, so attractive, so outpouring of its benefits that only the efficient and attractive and abundant things appeal to people. People begin to want what they can have easily, and that makes technology a frightening thing to behold.

I begin to share MacLeish's numb, unformed feeling that we human beings "have somehow lost control over the management of our human affairs . . . the process itself has somehow taken over, leaving the purpose to shift for itself so that we, the ostensible managers of the process, are merely its beneficiaries." Or its victims. With Hiroshima it became clear for the blindest man to see that technology is loyal not to humanity but to truth, its own truth, and its truth is not the law of the good but the law of the possible. Whatever is possible becomes necessary, and that value carries the essential scourge of the technological spirit.

At two fundamental points then, the Christian has to question the values of technology: Does technology emphasize the technical dimensions of life's problems so drastically that it neglects or denies the nontechnical nature of human nature? Secondly, does technology lose its instrumental position and become the determiner of events according to its own logic?

Having raised those questions, and never forgetting them, we need now to acknowledge the contributions which technology makes to the valuing process.

In a profound sense, technology does heighten the valuing process. It exposes the ethical issues with new clarity and urgency. The minister of technology in Great Britain believes that when the computer can calculate the results of any given policy and foresee its consequences accurately, then the debate need not concern the prudential questions but can concentrate on the value issues. Men will not argue about the possible consequences of a given decision, but will decide the question on its merits and ask only one question: Is this policy good for people?<sup>1</sup>

Technology requires a more mature morality. If a person can indulge in gluttony without getting fat, in sloth without getting poor, in lust without fear of pregnancy, then indeed "in the developed society it is pure heart or nothing."

Clearly, the advancing technology heightens the valuing process.

Therefore we have to be cautious about condemning technology as a destroyer of values. Of values, yes, of valuing, no. It is easy to confuse values with stability. People do the valuing, and they must hold the valuing function in their own hands, including their judgments about whether technology enhances the valuing process or destroys it by its own consuming nature.



## Caring About People Counts the Most

Hiroshima made it clear (so do SST, MIRV, *in vitro*, the Army's nerve gas, and the hospital's computerized exam) that technology is committed not to people and to human good, but to truth—its truth that whatever is possible should be done. That value constitutes a demonic element in technology.

Unhappily, we human people sell our souls for the juicy stew that technology serves up. It looks like a good bargain, and our appetite for the benefits deadens us to the compromising cost. Almost everything we eat, wear, or use comes through the technological process, treated chemically, controlled electronically, handled, counted, packaged, delivered to us by the anonymous mechanical devices. Our life depends on a technology we do not comprehend and cannot control. We accept the dangers as a matter of expedience.

"I accept the noise, dirt, ugliness, the crowds, the dehumanization and all this absurdity in order to have my comforts, my medicine, my automobile, library, and orange juice. I doubt that mankind can tolerate our absurd way of life much longer without losing what is best in humanness. Western man will either choose a new society or a new society will abolish him."<sup>2</sup>

Our time is rightly called the technological society, not because of the huge abundance of computers, rockets, electric-eye doors, and genetic experiments but rather because we live our lives as recipients gladly accepting its benefits rather than as controllers soberly expressing some grander purpose. We are not in control. The process controls us. The technological spirit saturates the human climate and rules our life.

We are manipulated and we get accustomed to it because the technological spirit renders itself invisible. If the devil's best trick is to persuade us that he does not exist, so technology's chief success consists in its capacity to make its assumptions as unobtrusive and as pervasive as the air we breathe. Technology assumes a position somewhat like that of the baseball umpire. Normally he is the least conspicuous man on the field, yet he may be the most influential, because he makes the rules, he keeps the score, he judges the players. So does technology, too often.

Generally speaking, we do not consider technology as an optional thing. Rather, we accept it as inevitable. It assumes the place of a grand cultural imperative beyond debate. Take a common example, the automatic answering service. You telephone a doctor or museum or business office, and the automated tape answers you with an oh-so-sweet voice. "So-and-so is busy at the moment. If you want something urgent, speak a message here and he will call you back. Meanwhile, here is some other information you didn't ask for. Good-bye now."

We put up with this indignity because it is efficient. It releases some telephone hostess to do more productive work elsewhere, and anyhow the machine is cheaper than the girl. There you have it! Efficiency, cheapness, productivity, those are the high gods we worship, and in their honor we endure all sorts of insults to our dignity. By accepting them we become technological people. We sell out to the demonic spirit of our time.

Basically this spirit is inhumane, and that constitutes its major defiance of the Christian ethic. Concern for people is the elemental Christian virtue. Caring, compassion,

concern, love—whatever you name it—is the basic moral command. Public protests, student revolts, antiwar rallies, welfare mothers' marches, demonstrations against corporations and universities—shortsighted, mistaken, violent, mixed in motive as they may be—boil down to a struggle to be humane. In a world that feels hard and calloused, a world that begins with commercials and ends in Viet Nam and the ghetto, young people (young in heart, of all ages!) are determined to reassert the (unrecognized) Christian principle that people count more than machines and efficiency. Caring about people is the only thing that makes a man a man. Technology must knuckle down under that principle, and if, because of its very nature, it cannot accept that principle, then technology is demonic by definition.

We live in a new time. Every generation feels that way about itself, but this time it is true! Only superlatives can get at the facts, only exaggerations are true. Never before in the long history of human affairs has mankind had to make so many profound decisions in so short a time. That is the overwhelming fact about our technological time. Never before has a great society been within grasp. Never has disaster been so threatening. Never have problems been as complex and solutions as baffling. Never has a new society been so desperately needed. Never have the alternatives been as striking.

Several responses to all this technological change are possible.

1. We could cling to the past. Religious people are especially enticed by this option. Christianity believes in a world that cannot be shaken. The gospel declares Jesus Christ as the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Hence we tend to ignore change, or resist it, or deny it.

2. Or we might seize every new thing as panacea and consider every change as progress, as though it were an escalator taking us ever upward and onward.

3. Or we might give up in frightened resignation. "On earth nations will stand helpless, not knowing which way to turn from the roar and surge of the sea; men will faint with terror at the thought of all that is coming upon the world; for the celestial powers will be shaken." (Luke 21:25, 26 NEB.) Such default would betray our basic Christian commitment to live by faith.

4. For it is exactly when the unchangeable things are known to change that the power of God becomes most available to men. Then they must live by faith or not at all. When the good earth is no longer good, when the human power to destroy exceeds the divine power to create, when birth can be controlled and death postponed and the genetic nature of human nature be deliberately managed, when men can make and change things which heretofore we felt were God's province only, when all the certainties of the past are shaken and the whole stability of the established order is threatened, and everything once secure is infected with change—then we do indeed live by faith, or we fall with everything fallen. □

<sup>1</sup> Living with Technological Change by A. W. Benn, New Statesman, December 13, 1968.

<sup>2</sup> So Human an Animal by Rene Dubos (Scribners, \$2.45).



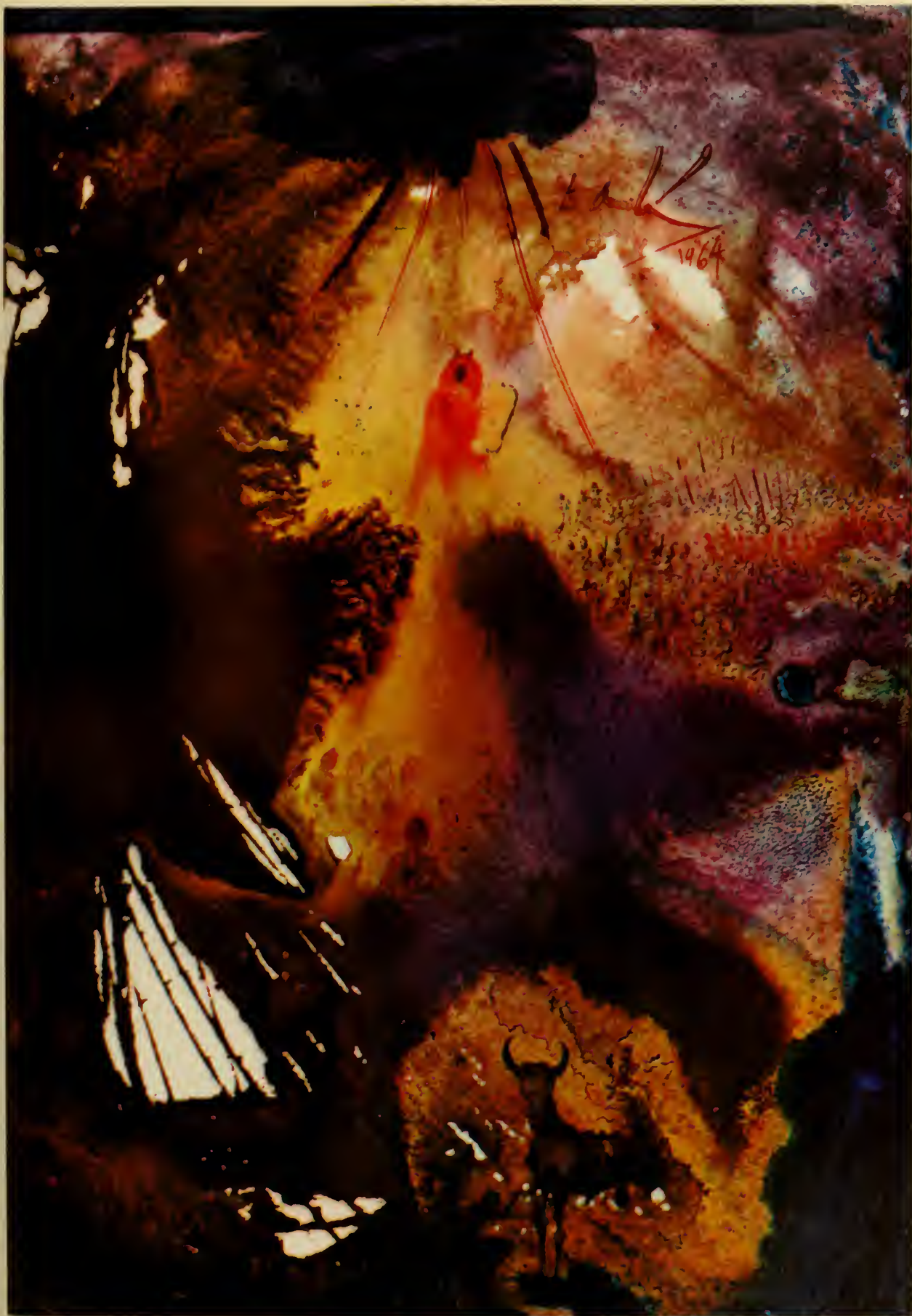
ILLUSTRATES

# THE BIBLE

✠ Surrealist artist Salvador Dali, whose dreamlike landscapes foreshadowed the psychedelic seventies by almost 40 years, departed from his usual style when he painted 105 illustrations for collectors' editions of the *Biblia Sacra*. These editions of the Bible, with Latin Vulgate text, were published by Rizzoli Editore in a variety of sumptuous and expensive forms. (Prices ranged from \$1,800 to \$17,500.) Now 32 of the Dali illustrations also enrich a deluxe edition of The Jerusalem Bible, recently published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., for a more modest \$39.95. Four of the illustrations with Bible-text captions are reproduced on the following pages. It would be nice to think that painting the biblical scenes had had a religious effect on Dali, but none is apparent. Dali remains as capricious and arrogant as before, as devoted to money and luxury. Among current commissions, he is illustrating the works of the Marquis de Sade.

—Helen Johnson





...Moses came down from the mountain...(and) had  
the two tablets of the Testimony in his hands...

*Exodus 34:29*



Vanity of vanities. All is vanity! For all his toil, his  
toil under the sun, what does man gain by it?

*Ecclesiastes 1:2-3*





The angel said to Mary... "You are to conceive and bear a son, and you must name him Jesus."

*Luke 1:31*





Jesus took some bread,...and gave it to the disciples. "Take it and eat," he said; "this is my body." Then he took a cup,... "Drink all of you from this," he said, "for this is my blood,..."

*Matthew 26:26-28*



# At Home in Model Valley

Text and Pictures by MARTHA A. LANE

**'If urban areas can have Model  
Cities programs, why not a Model Valley  
for us?' the mountaineers reasoned.  
Now they give that name to both the region  
and their grass-roots activities.**

THE DIFFERENCE between a house and a home is a matter of perspective. The outsider sees only the house, its physical and material properties. But to those who live there—be it shack or chateau—home involves feeling more than seeing. Home is "where people know when you're sick, miss you when you die, and love you while you live," as Samuel Ealy Johnson, father of our nation's 36th president, put it.

This report is about a remote, 303-square-mile stretch of northern Tennessee and southern Kentucky, near where these two states and Virginia meet. This is home to some 13,000 Appalachians. They live up Rose's Creek, Buffalo, Bugger, Rogerston, and Sawmill Hollows; in Tackett Creek, Anthras, Eagan, and a dozen other very real mini-communities—often just a handful of houses tucked into a fold of a mountain—that few road maps ever show.

The valley's natural boundaries are Pine Mountain to the north and the great Cumberlands to the south. Daniel Boone may well have passed this way in the 1770s. The rugged mountains—where strip miners have not mutilated them—are covered with pines and hardwoods. The roads are winding, often steep, in ill repair, and generally much too narrow for the remaining huge coal trucks that tear up and down them. (Only 90 or so men are still employed by the coal industry.)

There are few wells in the valley. Some families may have a small stream or spring within walking distance of their houses. Many others must travel as far as a dozen miles with their carefully saved Purex bottles to draw water for household use. Above one large spring someone has placed a hand-lettered sign: "God give us this stream. For heaven sake help keep it clean."

At the heart of this valley area is Clairfield, Tenn., (400 families), which has a post office, some small grocery stores and gas stations, an old railroad depot, and a consolidated school. A community center, built by local people with the partial aid of federal OEO (Office of Economic Opportunity) funds, offers some day-care facilities and a part-time health clinic.

Since February 18, 1968, when local people started organizing to put their own community-improvement ideas to work, this valley has been called Model Valley. These people's efforts are being supported by the group of churches which make up the Commission on Religion in Appalachia (CORA), of which The United Methodist Church, Southern Baptist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and 13 other denominations are members. Although some outside professional help and a great deal of outside financial help have been and will be needed, the project remains as it started—largely the work of and by the folks who have lived in the valley all their lives.

This report is more about the people than the program *per se* because we believe that people are always more important than programs, just as a home is more important than a house. Likewise, the hopes and feelings

of those living in Appalachia are more important than any television-documentary-type observations made by an outside reporter. Accordingly, most of this report is in the words of people who are Model Valley—people I got to know on two visits to the area last year.

### The View From the Post Office

For 36 years Louise Adams has been Clairfield's postmistress. In her younger years her main interest was teaching Sunday school. More recently, she has become something of a community activist—in the best possible sense of the word.

Her new role probably is not surprising to most of her neighbors.



Louise Adams

From her central vantage point in the post office she has always known what was going on in the community. (The office serves patrons in two counties in Kentucky and two in Tennessee.) And as a thoughtful Christian, Louise has always been concerned about others:

"I've sort of looked out for people that no one else bothers about, you know. I read letters to people who can't read, try to help out whenever I can."

But, as she is quick to emphasize, everyone here helps his neighbor.

"There was a man lived here who needed a doctor and medication. He died. But he could have been saved with some medication." For a moment there is quiet anger in her voice. "We went to our used-clothes shop, got him a suit. One of the men made the coffin for him, and we buried him ourselves. The total cost of the whole funeral was \$8.34. We didn't ask welfare to do it; we did it ourselves."

I asked Louise to describe her valley for folks who have never been there.

"It used to be beautiful and very prosperous," she began after a moment. "The people were happy and well contented—there was no trouble. And everybody went to church. Then when the mines closed down and people began to leave, homes were torn up and people started suffering from the cold and different things. Now we would like to all work together to bring it back. We want to make a model valley out of it. We want to make it a healthy place to live, with good water and nice homes and good churches.

"Young people like the valley," Louise continued. "I don't know what the drawing card is that makes them want to stay here, but I think it's the freedom of going huntin' and fishin' and drivin' and feelin' free to do what they want rather than to be restricted like you are in the city. They would rather stay here for less money—or no money at all—than go away to the city with all its problems. So they just come and go and go and come. My son and his wife have been doing that now for a year.

"Of course I did the same thing," she admits. "I thought, 'Gee whiz, I want to get to the city, where I can go to the movies and I can do all this, that, and the other thing.' But after I had traveled around a bit I decided to come back here and help people here. I have been all over the world [as a WAC], and I have felt at home nowhere but here."

In 1967 Marie Cirillo, an experienced community developer, moved to Clairfield to work on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church. Early in 1969 Marie and valley residents asked CORA to accept Model Valley as a pilot project. CORA agreed. The project would be a "small community-development model starting with

local people." Her job was—and is—to search out the area's leadership and help the people plan and carry out their own community improvement ideas. Convinced of Marie's sincerity, honesty, and ability, Louise decided to help her develop a plan of local action. It was Louise's idea to call it Model Valley.

The idea caught on, slowly and cautiously at first, because valley folks had heard of programs and promises before. "They all begin with good intentions, but by the time they get to us nothing is left," Louise Adams told Marie. People wanted to be sure Marie's project was worth trying. Then they made their decision.

One man explained how he felt: "We have set on our cans too long while we wait for somebody else to work for us. I'm as guilty as anybody else; but now it's time we did something to help ourselves."

"If we don't start *doing*, we'll have to be *going*," others reasoned.

Young people have not really become involved in Model Valley activities yet, and this alarms Louise. But she knows from experience that much of their noninvolvement is the fault of adults.

"You've got to find what young people like and want to do, then channel their energies in that direction," she says. "There's not a boy that doesn't love guns and love to hunt. So I went and tried to get our county sheriff to come up here and set up some rifle ranges and push the law-enforcement angle. But he wasn't interested."

The postmistress-grandmother is especially concerned about young people that neither the churches nor the Model Valley project have yet reached: "It's those girls and boys that are raised back in places that don't have nothin' to do with anybody or anything. They are the ones who need our attention."

Like many of her neighbors, Louise speaks enthusiastically about a factory which soon will begin production of

*"I think there's 14 different churches here, not more than a handful in any of them on Sunday," observes one longtime valley resident. "The trouble is they put material things so far ahead of the Bible's teachings."*







wooden pallets—portable platforms used in moving and storing materials in warehouses and factories.

"They're going to have a dedication ceremony soon for the factory. Mrs. Ethel Kennedy is supposed to come for it," Louise explains. "That will be a big day for Clairfield. It will be the first industry besides coal mining that we've ever had here so it's really great that it's coming. It is a beginning."

"I've lived long enough to see the valley go down twice and come back. This is the third time it's gone down. I feel that somehow it will come back again—with poverty gone and people with jobs and everything."

### An Undaunted Teacher

Tilda Kemplen has lived in the valley all her 45 busy years. She dreamed

in youth of being a schoolteacher but instead became a cook because there was no high school she could attend. Then, when she was 32, she had a chance to take a high-school equivalency test, and soon after, she enrolled at Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tenn., near famous Cumberland Gap.

She had no car, so Tilda hiked and hitchhiked across the imposing ridges from her home to classes, and after five years of part-time study, she had her bachelor's degree. Now she teaches an emotionally and mentally retarded class at a grade school about a dozen miles from her home.

Last summer Tilda finally learned to drive. [For an earlier job she had walked three miles to and from school each day.] She is currently working on a master's degree in special education, yet has found time to be a member of Model Valley folk-arts, economic-development, child-development, and health groups.

"The progress has been slow, and it may not look like anything much is going on, but we can feel that things are happening," Tilda reports.

"For example, the crafts group has given part-time employment to about 30 women for about three years. We are to where we could almost go into craft production, if we only could find markets for our products."

Tilda, a United Methodist, continues: "At one time there was a building used as a church, school, and community center here in the valley. It was built by The Methodist Church as a branch of Henderson Settlement. [Henderson, at Frakes, Ky., is 12 mountainous miles north of Clairfield as the crow flies.]

"It ran for about 11 years, then the settlement pulled out in the late 1950s. The people felt pretty bad about it, felt like something had been taken away. I was the lunchroom director for nine years. It was called the Archer Center Methodist Mission. Unfortunately, the Methodists tore the building down. It would have been such a great building for us to use now."

To Tilda being a Christian means "having a hope when things look hopeless," and "having a responsibility to my community, my fellowman, God, and country."

"My goal now is to put up some child-care centers in the valley, and to do something in adult education,"

Tilda says. Her major stumbling block is the usual—funds have not been forthcoming.

### Pallet Factory Takes Shape

Brady Deaton is the fellow who got the wood-pallet factory idea off the ground. He was reminded about this section of what the government terms "hard-core Appalachia" through a newspaper article. (His childhood home was London, a Kentucky town not far away, and he had always been interested in the region.) At the time (August, 1969) Brady had completed everything except the writing of the dissertation for a Ph.D. degree from the University of Wisconsin, Madison. He was planning to work on a land-reform project in Latin America but decided to visit Clairfield anyway. After a day's visit to the valley Brady decided to put his rural economics knowledge to work at home rather than abroad.

The Robert F. Kennedy Memorial is an internship program designed to place specially trained individuals in community-action programs among people for whom the late senator expressed concern. At the request of local residents, Brady was assigned to Model Valley for one year as a Robert F. Kennedy intern. With his wife and two small children, the young economist moved to Clairfield in January, 1970. Methodically he set about becoming acquainted with local action groups, with officials of the Tennessee Valley Authority and other federal programs, with staff members at Henderson Settlement, and with anyone else who could help him understand the region's economic situation.

The wood-pallet factory seemed a most feasible industrial project because timber is available and some 40 to 60 valley men had worked with wood and wood products. In May, 1970, Jacob V. Dunning of the Small Business Administration met with valley people to discuss financing the factory. He told of a community development program known as "502."

"This is our top priority program," he explained. "It boils down to this: for every dollar you raise, we'll match it with about nine. It is a loan on very agreeable terms."

There were many questions after the lengthy presentation, then the meeting was over. "It's O.K. if it



Tilda Kemplen



ever happens," one man said afterward. "The trouble around here is where do you get the people to make it happen?"

The Model Valley Industrial Development Council, a group of local residents Marie Cirillo had helped organize in 1968, had already figured that out. They would make it happen.

By November, 1970, a site had been chosen and graded, and soon construction of the 40 by 90-foot metal building had begun. A United Methodist \$2,000 contribution helped to purchase the site. Local men were planning and implementing all this, enabling Brady to turn his attention to other needs, primarily to raising operating capital for the venture.

As of this writing, the factory has been equipped and will begin production in a matter of weeks. A long-time valley resident has been hired as factory manager. The Tennessee Valley Authority designed a three-month training program to teach him the wood-pallet business from the ground up. The TVA pays his salary during the training period, while the local industrial development group and Industrial Pallet Company of Cleveland, Ohio, together pay his expenses. The Cleveland firm will market the pallets and continue to provide technical know-how as needed.

Local Model Valley groups have raised about \$15,000 toward buying land for the factory and for a projected housing project. [The task of buying land was complicated by the fact that the American Association, a British land-holding corporation, owns or controls at least 80,000 acres in Model Valley.]

Although his term of service ended in January, Brady continues to aid the project, while a replacement is being sought. Major needs for the factory now are grants or loans of \$15,000, plus an additional \$15,000 in private investments.

"Attitudes have changed somewhat since I first came to Model Valley," Brady believes. "Although Marie was well accepted, my being a native East Kentuckian further legitimized her work. By now, too, enough activity has been generated to convince a lot of people that change is a real possibility."

County officials show little co-operation with Model Valley plans even now, although a few individuals

from towns outside the valley are beginning to show interest and concern. One or two banks have tried hard to co-operate with valley projects, but the majority, says Brady, "offer no help under any conditions." One bank official from a neighboring town (there are no banks in the valley) responded to Brady's search for help with "It's a long way up there." Later a local person observed sadly, "Yeah, but no further than it's always been from up here to down there!"

"So far we have not received much help from individual or private investors, probably because of the pinch of current national economic conditions," Brady says. This disappoints him because the project's feasibility study seemed conservative and the profit projection looked "pretty attractive."

Brady, who also is a United Methodist, believes churches could be much more economically responsible and creative in their mission to regions like Model Valley. "I think there should be a church bank in Appalachia, through which all churches could channel their money," he told CORA last year. "Since most church money is donated, such a bank could afford higher risks, could be more lenient than a wholly commercial venture. Churches could take their investments out of Chase Manhattan and put them into things like co-ops."

In response to such suggestions, a CORA-sponsored Appalachian Development Fund, Inc., is being set up. The tax-exempt, private foundation will seek money for community and economic projects such as Model Valley. United Methodists will participate in the fund.

Even though the pallet factory is not in full swing yet, the community is making plans for additional wood industries. The department of technical assistance at the University of Tennessee has been asked to make recommendations in this regard. Like the pallet factory, such additional industrial efforts would be community controlled.

"Other groups in the valley have been encouraged by the success of the factory organizing group," Brady says. He points to the Wynn-Habersham Development Corporation, organized last summer. Already they have located several good industrial sites, have issued and sold stock, and

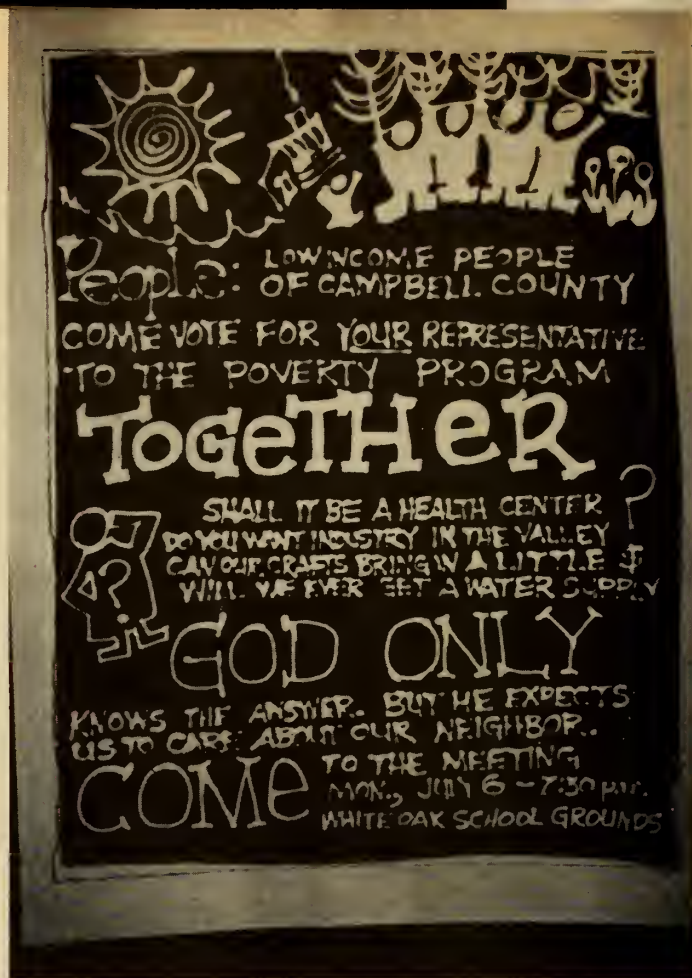
have planned and strategized with two other valley development groups.

"These groups are examples of the real potential of Appalachia," Brady asserts. "With rare exceptions the individuals involved are 'average' people of the valley—the unemployed, miners, loggers, carpenters, and other semiskilled workers. This is the first chance most of them have had to work together making careful plans, reaching decisions, and actually implementing programs."

More programs like Model Valley, which are responsive to the mountain people's real desires and needs, must be attempted, Brady concludes. If they are not forthcoming, the young economist warns, Appalachia ulti-



Marie Cirillo



Nervie Powers (here working on a quilt) is one of about 30 valley women involved in the crafts group. She also makes wall hangings. Posters (right) and party lines comprise the valley's main communications system. A newspaper is badly needed, but no funds are available to get it going.

mately will be developed as "a playground for the nation" rather than as "a homeland for its people."

#### Needed: A Market for Crafts

Nervie Powers lives up Buffalo Hollow where some of the valley's best subsistence farms are found. In her late 70s, Nervie still plows and tends her own garden. Her daughter Esther lives just across the way.

"I wish you could have seen it in the mining days," Esther says. "People all up and down the valley, as many as could get in. You can't buy a job here now. My mother and Martha Teague's used to peddle vegetables. They must have had a hundred houses. They had a big commissary where you could get 'most anything you wanted. They called it the company store. Then the mines started closing one by one, people moving out, looking for work."

Nervie breaks in: "And a lot of 'em old and gone now." After a brief pause she continues, "Hadn't sold a thing for profit until Marie [Cirillo] came

and got things started. I go crazy when there's no work to do."

Nervie makes quilts and wall hangings for sale. In homes throughout the valley craftswomen work on quilts, braided belts, and other items. The most popular item is the tote bag—a burlap, over-the-shoulder purse which is lined and has a braided-yarn strap. Silk-screened and embroidered designs decorate the bags, which sell for about \$6.

The 30 women in the crafts group pick up their supplies from a central workshop—a garage attic—and work on the items in their homes. Geneva Loveday, the valley woman in charge of craft production, keeps things organized at the workshop, and sees that women get paid as promptly as possible.

"Some of the women are on social security, some on welfare, so this helps supplement their income," Geneva explains. It is the only income for others.

Last year a Church Women United group gave \$5,000 to the crafts group

to help them develop their enterprise. But the valley's most pressing need at that time, the women knew, was for funds to buy the pallet-factory site. So the women loaned the entire amount to the economic-development group. Such sharing and working together is commonplace here. Local women being paid small sums for working on a health project, for example, have been donating their salaries back to the health group to help get a clinic organized.

The craftswomen have worked out a production routine and recently completed 500 tote bags in two months. They want more work, but the problem is marketing. No tourists travel through Model Valley and nobody here is experienced in analyzing marketing possibilities. Until some professional help comes along, the group's successes must necessarily be limited. Like every other group in the valley, the women need capital funds to really get their projects off the ground. Financial help presently comes to the valley only in a trickle.



### Why Marie Came to Clairfield

Marie Cirillo has devoted about 20 years to helping Appalachian people. She lived in Chicago several years, helping newly arrived Southern whites adjust to the unmountainous, unleisurely, unfriendly, and seemingly unrewarding life which low-income residents face in urban areas.

Although Marie grew up in New York, she quickly fell in love with the mountains and people of Clairfield. She directs Model Valley as a member of FOCIS (Federation of Communities in Service), a predominantly Roman Catholic lay-workers group. FOCIS is affiliated with the Commission on Religion in Appalachia.

We asked her to explain the philosophy behind her community development work.

"In rural Appalachia, community development means being in a small coal camp or within a hollow community," explains Marie, who has bought a house up Rose's Creek Hollow. "In such areas migration has caused a major disruption to family ties; the decline in coal has left most people jobless; and coal companies have torn down as quickly as they originally built up coal camps. People, accordingly, have changed and are changing, but this is change without choice.

"So I try to open up new opportunities, provide alternatives, find the props with which these people can rebuild their world. The first step is to gather a handful of local people who trust each other, who are ready to work for changes of their choice. Then secondary groups are needed to accomplish specific tasks—committees on health, industry, crafts, for instance. Often people must form legal entities to receive particular grants.

"In everything I try to integrate strengths—one person's manpower with another's know-how; family types with organization types; one's sensitivities with another's professionalism. Another goal is to foster mutual support—one hollow community with another, one preacher with another preacher."

Marie's budget comes from the Roman Catholic Church (also a Commission on Religion in Appalachia member), specifically from the diocese of Tennessee. From the beginning, she has stressed the need for

money to go directly to local projects rather than into the too usual administrative-salary trap. Of the approximate \$13,000 basic budget with which she works, only about \$3,000 is for salaries. Allotments ranging from a few hundred to sometimes \$2,000 are distributed to emerging groups such as health councils and housing committees. Some is loaned to families in emergency situations.

Marie knows that wise use of money is a key to keeping the confidence of local people. She has heard them say, "What really burns me up is when the people who are administering and getting \$10,000 for it gripe over someone drawing \$97 worth of food stamps a month."

But the main motivation for the way Marie does things is her own concept of Christian sharing. While mission boards still must plead with people to do things *with* people rather than *for* them, Marie has gone one step farther. Instead of doing things *with* people, she does things *as one of them*. "If the project is a success, I'll share the success," she says. "If it's a failure, I'll share in that. . . . I came to take on their problems as my own—to put all that I can muster into solving them."

In day-to-day terms this means giving up almost any kind of personal life. Her phone rings constantly. There are countless reports to be written, meetings to attend, speeches to be made. Someone needs to borrow her car; someone is walking in the front door. There is always a personal problem to discuss and Marie does not know how to say no.

She makes no attempt to hide the problems facing her program. One is volunteers. They are needed only if they have specialized skills. She explains why:

"One group came to build a log cabin for the folk school [another new project] during the Easter break. They were college kids. They said they'd work, but they slept 'til 11 a.m., partied 'til 3 a.m. They got one log peeled during the whole week."

Professionals with needed skills are wanted though, she says. She tells prospective volunteers, "The mountain people have a life that is valid and important to the rest of American society. So just don't come down here to serve, but come to invest some of your profession and some of your money—come feel the pinch of the

system that these people feel."

She has had good experiences with volunteers who come in this spirit, particularly with medical and law students from Vanderbilt University who spend summers working at health clinics and on legal problems.

The valley still needs so many things, Marie admits—an economics specialist to replace Brady, a building specialist because they are going to "need buildings for all kinds of things," a Model Valley newspaper to keep people informed about local activities, and a hundred other things. They will not come easy, but they do not seem impossible anymore, now that local initiative has been sparked.

"It is not our intent to duplicate urban life in this program," Marie reiterates, "but rather to build a genuine mountain community . . . using all the human resources and natural environment that already are here."

### Who Will Answer Her Questions?

In different words but with the same emotions Louise Adams summarizes her feelings:

"This is our home and we want to be at home and feel at home. We have had a good life here and we were happy. We are homesick for what was, depressed about the day-to-day struggles for survival, suspicious about ideas that never materialize.

"Newspaper stories about Appalachia have been passing national fancies. Reality is what we know—frightened by cold, hunger, and being lost in a big world where no one has time to listen.

"By our performance you can tell that there is a sign of life—a faint heartbeat. Yet when we think of good water, housing, and roads, we know there have been almost no signs of improvement. These are things our valley still doesn't share with other Americans.

"And why not? Is it our fault, or yours, or anybody's? Does it matter whether it is the fault of a person, an association, or a system?" □





## OFF BROADWAY

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Spring had a dress rehearsal today.  
The scenery is not as yet completed,  
But the stage-struck sun  
Quite outdid himself  
In depth of feeling.  
All who watched  
Were awed by his fiery delivery.  
Not too noticeable  
Was the still-to-be-repainted grass.  
The rain hammed it up a bit—  
Rather a maudlin performance.  
And the prima-donna robin  
Hasn't yet returned  
From winter vacation.  
All in all, though,  
The show gave promise  
Of being one of the year's best.

—Liz Stoffel



# Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



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## Doesn't everyone have faith?

✦ Only in a very loose sense. It is true that a person boards an airplane with confidence that he will land safely. That same person will drive a car at a high rate of speed without a single thought about his tires. But this hardly qualifies as New Testament faith. Daring, maybe, or even courage, but hardly faith.

There is a qualitative difference between human adventure in mere physical efforts, and total commitment of all one's life. The two may be related in important

ways, but they certainly are not identical.

Faith, in the New Testament sense, is seen in the lives of many persons who came to Christ. They believe so deeply in his power that doubt is removed about their total pattern of life. "Faith," says theologian Joseph Sittler, "is a term with which to designate that comprehensive or total trust of myself with all the need of the self, in the self's Giver, no less than God himself. To trust in God—this is faith."

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## Will the parish church continue into the future?

✦ Several signs point to the continuation of local churches, but there may be significant changes in forms and patterns of worship. These changes need not cause insecurity if they provide for meaningful response to God's new acts in our time.

Three signs point to the need for a local church in the future. First, families will want to worship in a church of familiar persons with whom they share some common interests. Second, there is a continuing need for order in worship and service that comes, not from unplanned

meetings in various places but from division of labor by minister, organist, church-school workers, missionaries, and others. Third, there probably will be larger denominations of church people who will plan to meet in a regular place and in a regular time sequence—each Sunday, for example.

This is not to say that other forms of worship will diminish. If the church could survive the many forms through which it has already passed, it is likely to adjust to new changes and diversity.

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## Do stewardship programs ask too much of church members?

✦ They usually ask too little, and what they do ask is sometimes vague. Service clubs require stated dues, and everyone expects payment promptly. Business dealings are usually by contract, often with a definite time in which to pay without penalties for delay. No one objects to these requirements.

The church is a voluntary association of people who acknowledge a covenant relationship. There is no uniform payment scale or penalty for failure to pay.

Consequently, many churchmen resent being asked for regular payments to the budget. The basic reason for Christian giving is that we are stewards and not owners. God is the free giver; we are the receivers. Great stewardship comes out of a spirit such as that shown by Zacchaeus who said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have defrauded any one of anything, I restore it fourfold." (Luke 19:8.)

# Dear Joye...

To Our Adopted Daughter at Her Baptism

By JOHN R. PRICE

Pastor, Leland Clegg Memorial United Methodist Church  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



**Y**OU ARE NOT just a child. You are a cosmic symbol. What big words for such a small human being! Your Baptism has dimensions that could shake the world to its foundations if we Christians took it with utter seriousness.

All that Christian Baptism represents is focused on you today. As your grandfather places a few drops of water on your head, the joy and agony, hope and despair, promise and fulfillment of history rests in your life. Your Baptism embodies God's creative and redemptive relationship to all men, in every time and place.

All life is a gift from God. In a very special way your mother and I understand that your life is God's gift to us. You came to us in the moment of our despair. You reminded us that even when men's plans and dreams and hopes do not turn out the way they intended, God's love for them is constant and trustworthy.

Your Baptism is a sign and pledge from God to all men. It is a way in which God speaks to us about the Word of life. He is saying that the rhythm of the universe is not just life and death—it is a rhythm of life and death and *life*. Christian Baptism is God's way of saying to all men that in the moment of despair there is hope, in the moment of death there is life, in the midst of brokenness there is reconciliation, in the midst of decay there is renewal, in the midst of sin there is grace. Your Baptism is a sign to the congregation and to the whole world that the Lord of all life is a creating, renewing, trustworthy God.

You come to us as a gift. For us, therefore, your Baptism takes on another meaning. It is a way in which we make public our pledge to be responsible keepers of the trust placed in our hands. In offering you at the altar for Christian Baptism, "we promise before God and the church that we will do all we can to enable you to grow up into the kind of person that you ought to be."

You are a citizen of the 21st century. When you celebrate your 31st birthday, it will be in the year 2001. As your parents we promise in this act of baptism to help prepare you to live in a world we cannot know. We cannot teach you hard and fast answers to all the life-



situations you will face. We can only assist you to develop the kind of life-style that will let you participate in your world as a fully human being.

### Be Free

First of all, we want to raise you to become a person who is *totally free*. It is a great tragedy when a person never knows this joy. "For freedom, Christ has set us free," the words of Scripture remind us. Yet many persons of every generation have never known that kind of life. All of us think we are free, but there is always something in our lives that holds us in bondage. It may be money, family, tradition, security, or sex. For some it may be the education we did not have, for others the health, fear, doubts, lack of self-confidence.

As you will learn soon enough, many people are not free. This is not to say that money, good health, sex, tradition, and education are not important, but it is to say that these are not the last words in life. The ultimate meaning and final fulfillment of life is not to be found in these kinds of concerns. Some men and women never are able to view the daily concerns of life from the perspective of eternity. They never develop the attitude which affirms their necessity—even their goodness—but does not make them gods.

To be a free person with regard to money is to say, "As a creature of this time and place I have to possess money, but money will not possess me."

To be free with regard to tradition is to say, "I give thanks for what men of the past can teach me, but the acts of other men in the past cannot be the sole measure of my acts in the present."

To be free with regard to my country is to say, "I am glad to be a part of this community of people, but I will never worship a nation that was born and will die with history instead of the God who created history."

To be free with regard to fear, self-doubt, and insecurity is to say, "I recognize the weaknesses of who I am, and I recognize the insecurity of the world in which I live, but I can live a fully human life anyway."

We want to raise you to be a free person. We want to receive and to affirm all that makes up your experience of life, but with an attitude that will allow you to live with independence. We want you to be a human being who is *totally free*.

### Be Responsible

We also want you to grow up to be a person who is *totally responsible*. Christian freedom does not mean anarchy. To throw out responsible, disciplined living is not freedom in the Christian sense.

Lack of all discipline can be demonic. A good example of this might be contemporary cultural attitudes toward sex. Thankfully, the new generation is learning to be free with regard to sexuality. Unfortunately, many are failing to see that freedom toward sex brings responsibility. This is reflected in the way in which freedom toward sexuality is sometimes cheapened and degraded through the entertainment media.

Another example, Jesus did not just substitute one set of legalistic regulations for another. Being a Christian is not just a matter of not drinking, smoking, and card playing. But in our newly discovered freedom, we must consider what a responsible decision may involve in our

time when alcoholism has become a major public-health problem, when smoking has clearly been proven to damage our bodies, and when the bridge club has become for many persons an escape from demands of the real world. Freedom does not absolve one from responsible, disciplined living.

Neither does freedom allow withdrawal from the currents of history in our world. The old hymn that included the words, "If others go to hell, who cares, who cares?" was not a Christian hymn. Although the Christian is not possessed by concerns of the temporal world, he is thrust by the gospel message directly into the midst of the world to live his life. The Christian's freedom does not exempt him from the concerns and needs of his fellowman.

We want to raise you, our daughter, in such a way that you become a person who is sensitive to the world in which you live. We wish for you to be a person who participates fully in that world, accepting your responsibility to live there and to make decisions about its shape and destiny.

### We Are With You

On this day of your Baptism, it is not just your parents who have pledged to assume responsibility for the direction of your life. This congregation also has made that promise. Christian Baptism is not a private act. Since your mother and father have been at this church, 13 other children and youth have been baptized. Each one's parents, as well as this congregation, made a promise about these children's future. Christian Baptism is a way in which the church thanks God for the gift of your life. We pledge before God that we will take responsibility for bringing humanness to the children entrusted to our care.

In the future it is likely that you will no longer be a part of this congregation, but our vow is made on behalf of the whole church. Everywhere and in every time there will be a community of people who will envelop you with their love and care, who will by example and teaching hold before you the promise and possibility of Christian faith.

In a few years you will be asked to make a decision for yourself about your life. You will be asked to say yes or no to what has taken place here today. You will be asked to decide for or against the stance of Christian faith. Between now and then, your church and your parents will do their best to assist you continually in growing to understanding the decision you must make. Finally, it must be yours. Only you can decide to say yes or no to the life which God holds before you.

So your Baptism is only a beginning. It is the promise that the Power which thrusts us into life at birth sustains us through life to our death—and beyond. It is the sign and pledge that God who is Creator is also Redeemer.

Before you lies a future that no one can know. Before you lies sorrow and joy, pain and fulfillment, despair and hope, death and life, sin and grace.

Welcome, Daughter, to life!

□

# Letters

## DELAWARE GOVERNOR IN 'DIALOGUE' SESSION

We were very pleased to see Martha A. Lane's article on shopping-center ministries in the March issue of *Together* [*Churches Find Few Bargains in the Marketplace*, page 12]. It is well written and clearly shows the obstacles such projects encounter.

You may be interested to note that Delaware Governor Russell W. Peterson is pictured on page 15 at a session of "Dover Dialogue" here at Blue Hen Mall Ministries, Inc., in Dover, Delaware. Governor Peterson is in the center of the picture, facing the camera, just to the left of the chalkboard in the background.

Thank you for including Blue Hen Mall Ministries in your article.

MRS. JEAN T. HITCHENS,  
Co-ordinator  
Blue Hen Mall Ministries, Inc.  
Dover, Del.

## TIME TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT PARSONAGE SYSTEM

I almost jumped in the air, shouted hallelujah, and clicked my heels six times before I came down when I read *Living in a Public Heaven* by Eloise Barr Kinter [March, page 26]. We pastors' wives all could write equally amusing and informative tidbits for our parishioners! We needed an article like this. Now, United Methodist annual conferences, let's do something about the situation!

MRS. J. CHAPMAN O'DELL  
Laurel, Del

Send your letters to  
TOGETHER  
1661 N. Northwest Highway  
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

## PASTOR, PAYING NOW, ENJOYS MAGAZINE MORE

Thank you for the last three issues of *Together*. Since you removed us pastors from your free subscription list and I have been paying the price for the magazine, I have enjoyed it more than ever before.

When you announced that the Area News Edition no longer would be included, I was greatly disappointed and wondered if I would be interested in renewing. I find, however, that I do enjoy the articles and have been quoting them in my sermons. Now the area news is ably presented in our monthly *Conference Communicator*.

In the January issue I enjoyed *Prayer for Earth* [page 11], the interview with Senator Joseph Tydings, and quoted from the editorial *Think of the Generations to Come* [page 24]. I was touched by the *Children of the World* pictorial [page 5], and thought the cover picture very appropriate. I thoroughly enjoy the book reviews in each issue.

February had a wonderful piece in Peggy Drinkwater's *All This She Has Given Me . . .* [page 28], and I appreciated *African Methodism's New Mission* [page 30].

When the March issue arrived, the beautiful cover fascinated me. The special report *Students See Evangelism Need* [page 21] proved very helpful, and being not only a pastor but also the son of a pastor, I definitely appreciated *Living in a Public Heaven*. Keep up the good work!

EDWARD L. DEIGHTON, Pastor  
Pekin-Dickersonville  
United Methodist Churches  
Sanborn, N.Y.

## 'TOGETHER NO LONGER MEETS METHODISTS' SPIRITUAL NEEDS'

I was shocked to learn in the December, 1970, issue [News, page 21] of a \$500,000 deficit in the general periodicals publishing program and *Together* subscriptions around half what they once were.

Why? The power of the printed page has largely departed from *Together*. It no longer meets the spiritual needs of most United Methodists. The March issue has a full page devoted to *Lent and Recovery of the Devotional Life*, but it does not use the word prayer, Bible, Holy Spirit, or heart. Jesus said, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart."

John Wesley, the greatest Protestant preacher of the gospel,

personal and social, would never have been heard from without a heartwarming experience in that Aldersgate prayer meeting.

Pages 5 to 11 of your March issue gave 42 times as much space to the account of integrating a church (which had 600 members before integrating and 300 members afterward) as was given to the story of Bishop Everett W. Palmer's death on page 20. Bishop Palmer's services never have been matched to my knowledge.

He hiked 26 miles to his parsonage after eleven o'clock college classes on Fridays. During his nine-year pastorate at First Church in Glendale, Calif., he received 2,500 members, secured 1,000 tithers, and built a \$1 million sanctuary unit. Why was this statement about Bishop Palmer's accomplishments left out?

J. A. EARLY, Retired Minister  
Huntington, W. Va.

## IS SHRINKING BACK FROM PARENTHOOD THE ANSWER?

I read the letter from Mar Penner with mixed emotions. She was the 24-year-old, married five years, who said she and her husband will never have children [See *Family Will Have to Be Small or It Will Be Dead*, March, page 46.]

There is something as terrible as bringing a child "into a polluted, overcrowded world." is that kind of coldness.

Being the daughter of a minister she should have much special joy and love to give. Isn't it important for Christians to raise a child or two in the solid faith (there are no guarantees)? But to shrink back and withdraw—is that better?

MRS. MAURICE R. MANNING  
Essex Junction, Vt.

## 'LET US NOT FORSAKE THE BASIC UNIT OF GOD'S LOVE'

I am sorry that Mrs. Penner and her husband choose not to have children. What joy they will miss not to plan together for one of their own flesh and blood. How much Mrs. Penner will miss, never to feel within her the kick of her unborn, never to experience with her husband the miracle of birth, never to nurse a child through its infancy and give it that deepest feeling of love and security. How little Christian faith and hope this couple shows.

I also feel a great sense of



ow for a Christian society  
se main response to today's  
blems is limiting man who was  
de in God's image. Shall we  
f ourselves with more and  
er material things and not  
ly try to get along with our  
owmen? How God must pity  
n our response to the  
llenges we face.  
as far as I am concerned, for  
and Mrs. Penner the family  
ead. My hope is that all of  
Christian community will not  
ake this basic unit of God's love.  
MRS. JON BAUMUNK  
Skillman, N.J.

## AT ABOUT TAKING IN MEONE ALREADY HERE?

fter reading Mar Penner's  
ch letter, I feel a need to  
ment. First, my dictionary defines  
ily as "the basic unit in society  
ng as its nucleus two or more  
ts living together and  
operating in the care and rearing  
eir own or adopted children."  
it truly a family that Mrs.  
er has?

believe we should limit the  
ber of our children, but I  
ot go along with no children.  
greatest meaning in my life  
my husband's is the very  
ence of our children—our own  
adopted. I believe because of  
e I have a closer relationship  
it my husband and with God.  
efore, I have a more positive  
otok on life.

Some people are so against  
tiling a new life into this  
o-to-be-terrible world, they might  
in about taking someone already  
er—a homeless child—and help  
mo see and learn the beauty  
n value of our resources and of  
e self.

MRS. HARRY L. GRAHAM, R.N.  
Fort Myers, Fla.

## APITAL PUNISHMENT FOE U: OPPOSE ABORTION, TOO

Vth reference to Too Many  
eople . . . Too Much Garbage,  
our interview with Senator Joseph  
dyllis [January, page 9], it  
uortunate that abortion, family  
laning, overpopulation, and  
ersal liberality always seem to  
e knen together. One certainly  
ne liberal in outlook (that is,  
elling each person is his own  
ee gent to do pretty much as  
e pases as long as it doesn't  
ater re with someone else), and  
ill fel that abortion is wrong

and that overpopulation is a smoke  
screen for the real problems.

Why do so many people put  
abortion and family planning on the  
same plane? They certainly are  
not. Being opposed on principle to  
capital punishment places me in  
opposition to abortion as well. If  
our Christian principles are really  
principles, then we cannot change  
them because they are inconvenient  
to our society and to individuals. On  
those grounds we could shift our  
principles constantly. Would Jesus?

Perhaps abortions sometimes  
may be needed and difficult  
decisions must be made from time  
to time. Circumstances do find  
occasional difficulties which must  
be met and justice determined. But  
these are solemn decisions, not to  
be tossed off as needless worries.  
The responsibility for such actions  
must be carefully determined  
else life will become cheap instead  
of dear. God help us then.

CLAY BERLING  
Berkeley, Calif.

## YOUTH FOR UNDERSTANDING EXCHANGE WAS OVERLOOKED

It was upsetting to me not to  
find the Youth for Understanding  
(YFU) exchange program listed in  
Martha Lane's article *Travel  
Abroad—With a Purpose* [March,  
page 23]. My husband and I  
are so involved with YFU we feel  
it's a shame when mentioning travel  
possibilities in a United Methodist  
publication to leave out the one that  
United Methodists here in California  
pour their hearts into.

We in YFU have a good program  
for Americans to learn by sharing  
of ourselves. My husband and I  
are hosting our fifth foreign

"daughter" in as many years. I  
am 28 years old, and have I ever  
learned by being a "mother"  
to these teen-age daughters!

Perhaps you could do an article  
on Americans housing foreign  
students. It would open some  
American eyes in lots of ways.  
It's a way of life!

MRS. HEWITT SMITH  
Colton, Calif.

## 'WHAT ONE CAN DO' INSPIRES 'LETTER-IN'

Thank you for your January  
issue which proved to be the needed  
inspirational push to get our  
Women's Society circle started on  
a project we have talked about for  
a long time. Incorporating some  
of your suggestions in *What One  
Person Can Do* [January, page 17],  
we are planning a "letter-in"  
Sunday, offering our parishioners  
at Central United Methodist Church  
a chance to make their voices heard.

We also have listed some of  
your suggestions from *What One  
Person Can Do* and are reproducing  
the list, hopefully for kitchen  
bulletin board viewing.

With a little luck our "letter-in"  
may become a monthly event.

MRS. RICHARD F. KELLY  
Brockton, Mass.

## ON 'SUBMERGING' WOMEN: ARE THEY SUBMERSIBLE?

When the Producer cast roles  
in the Garden of Eden, he created  
stereotypes that trouble 20th-century  
man and woman as much as they  
troubled Adam and Eve.

I have read your February  
interview with Dr. Tracey K. Jones  
[*A Universal Gospel; A Global  
Mission*, page 8], and if the rest  
of what he said had not been  
so good, one of his remarks wouldn't  
have bothered me so much. This  
was his condescending dismissal  
of my sex's role in the church.

On page 11 Dr. Jones asks,  
"Why would we want to see that  
[our Women's Society of Christian  
Service] suddenly submerged into  
a male-dominated structure?"

Dear me, why wouldn't "we"?  
Why would Dr. Jones assume that  
the merger of women with men would  
give to women the subordinate  
role he suggests in his use of the  
word "submerged"? Or is he afraid  
the merger would not find us  
submerged?

I think men want—or will accept  
—equality for their daughters,  
mothers, sisters, but not for their



wives. This would be logical only if there were nothing to marriage except sex. I'm not downgrading sex, but there's more. Men and women together create children, and together they are creative elsewhere, including in the church.

Men and women on equal footing would constitute a merger. The church has survived mergers in the past and thrived on them. In each case there was careful emphasis on equal participation of the merging groups. Merger with the presently "male-dominated" structure would, inherently, create a structure dominated by neither gender but with the emphasis on the humanity of each. This would be consistent with past mergers and the teachings of Jesus.

Women's role has been submerged. So long as we remain separate with our Women's Society we are less equal. Only integration can bring to our sex the equality the church says it wants for all people.

Actually, we have not come a long way! Let's get to work now for our daughters and granddaughters.

MRS. RICHARD M. CARTER  
Monroe, N.H.

#### ANOTHER ANCIENT SITE MERITS A PICTORIAL

Felicitations on the excellent pictorial presentation *Nicaea Revisited* [March, page 30]. It is beautifully done and highly stimulating to those who have traveled in this area.

May I suggest that you present a pictorial spread on Baalbek (in modern-day Lebanon). It was our privilege to visit this most ambitious religious complex ever undertaken by man and 250 years in the building. Eventually a Christian church was erected in the court where pagan temples once surrounded the area. It is my hope to revisit these ruins, so exciting is the whole concept embodied here.

RAYMOND M. VEH  
Thiensville, Wis.

#### PAPACY REPRESENTED AT NICAEA

I am very much interested in the history of the church. Regarding the article *Nicaea Revisited* in the March issue, you mention that among others the First Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325 was attended by "two representatives of the pope."

I have read Eusebius of Caesarea who wrote all we have in the way of history of the first 200 years of the Christian Era and a history of the Nicaean Council. I suppose the bishop of Rome was there but he is not mentioned and must have been just another bishop at that time.

WALTER SALE  
Columbus, Ohio

Our sources indicate that the pope, Silvester I, was not present at the First Council of Nicaea, nor were his successors at seven subsequent ecumenical councils during the next five centuries. However, the papacy was represented at all except the First Council of Constantinople in A.D. 381.—Your Editors

#### STRUCTURE NEEDED BUT DON'T STRUCTURE HOLY SPIRIT OUT

I am not a United Methodist but regularly read *Together* and have been inspired and challenged by many of its articles.

What causes me to write is an article in the February issue, *Prayers I Have Heard* [page 55], by Hanor A. Webb.

I do not know all the circumstances, of course, but my question is, Why did the old man's prayer (the longest author Webb had heard) need to be "drowned out"?

One of the tenets of our faith as Protestants is the priesthood of all believers. Could it be that this prayer had something to contribute to what appeared to be a well-structured program? There is nothing inherently wrong with structure, but need we not be careful that we may structure the Holy Spirit out?

Since prayer is a very personal experience, one needs to be careful in value judgments.

GEORGE F. HOLLAND  
Active Minister, Assemblies of God  
Huntingdon, Pa.

#### FOUR LINES SPOILED OTHERWISE BEAUTIFUL POEM

Too bad Bernard S. Via, Jr., spoiled his beautiful poem, *Work Fit for a King*, in your March issue [page 3]. He says:

"Then my King comes along,  
Acting like a doctor  
During Thursday office hours  
Instead of over the weekend . . ."  
I don't think our King would mention such bitterness.

There seems to be a growing impression that the 37-hour week or the three or four-day week applies to everybody except doctors, nurses, and ministers, all of whom should be dedicated and sacrifice themselves for others. Let's take the beam out of our own eyes.

FRED ULLER  
Short Hills, N.J.

#### DR. DIBBLE SAID WELL WHAT MANY OTHERS THINK

My wife and I liked Dr. J. B. Dibble's article, *Once in a While a Respite*, in the February issue of *Together*. We liked what he said and how he said it. It is good to hear from a cool head amid today's babble of immature and superficial opinion.

Dr. Dibble's balanced viewpoint reminds us of Elton Trueblood's new book, *The New Man for Our Time*, in which he says that Christians today must be both activists and pietists. He also says "Why should we be required to choose between the traditional and the contemporary? There is so much we can learn from the past but we must also seek to know God's will for today."

We want to thank Dr. Dibble for saying what many of us think but could not express as well as he did.

ED MURDOCK  
Wheaton, Ill.

#### MARCH VIEWPOINT MEANINGFUL

Your staff continues to give us an excellent *Together*. I particularly appreciated your *Viewpoint* in the March issue, *Lent and Recovery of the Devotional Life*, [page 1]. You have spoken meaningfully in an area in which we at *The Upper Room* are especially interested.

WILSON O. WELDON, Editor  
The Upper Room  
Nashville, Tenn.



# 'Bro. Viktor,' I said, 'church Bullitins Is not Lively Enuff.'

Mr. Ira Carberg, Editor  
Rock City Weekly Clarion

Dear Editor:

I have just received your sassy letter about their not being no "Here & There About Elsewhere" nayborhood news from me in your esteemed paper last week and wanting to know why a ace reporter like me shud miss mailing in my items for 1 of the 1st times as your correspt., the reward for my services being a free anual suscription to the Clarion which I certainly appreciate.

Is it true, you seam to ast, that me leaping into nashionul promnace as a contrib. to our the TOGETHER of the U.M. church has swole up my hed to such a xtent that I cudnt git it out my own front door?

To begin with, and while I do not claim to be no great Arthur like who-ever wrote Lay Miserables or Ivan-ho, you may like to know that I took on another writing job which I know now I shud not have did, sense Bro. Harol Viktor, my preacher, and me has already had a big run in about t. He come to me last week and said: "Hegbert, as you know, my secretary, Miss Gail Koran, whom has been putting out our church bullitin has up and left us for reasons of matrimony, and wood you kinely take on the job?"

Well, of course I said I wood, you know me Mr. Editor, and thot I had did a good job until I took my 1st ullitin to Bro. Viktor.

"Hegbert," he said, "what is this ear item about Bro. Karl Goosen-erry, the local stockman, turning up expectedly at church last Sun. after long unxplained absense? And this ear 1 about Bro. Ben Bogan having been seen running his trott lines down on Big Piney last Sun. a.m. which xplains his absense from the ew? Now, Hegbert, you know that is not the kind of thing we use in our church bullitin."

"Bro. Viktor," I said, "church bulitins is not lively enuff. As a vetran correspt. for the Clarion and famed contrib. to our TOGETHER, I have developt what is known as a nose for news. And I have just wrote you a bullitin that everybody in the congregatshun will read and maybe take home and save."

"That is just the point, Hegbert," he said after swallering his adums apple sevrul times. "Not only are you lible to get us law sued, you are going to have my congregashun deeply ingrossed in local gossip while I am up their in the pulpitt trying to drive the gospel home to them. They aint nobody going to lissen to me. And furthermore, Hegbert, you have put your own name in this hear bullitin 7 times, and hear you say the congregashun will please stand for the Glory Patry but it is spelled Gloria Patri. Thank you anyway, Hegbert, I think I can handle the job from now on."

Well, that was Wed. last, Mr. Editor, which was the dedline day for my nayborhood news items for the Clarion, and you can imagine as a outstanding reporter yourself how cressfallen I was as I walked away, humiliated by my own preacher. But that did not stop me from setting out on my rounds for the Clarion. No, sir, I meant to git my news in to you, as you will see.

It was all sunshiny and the dog-wood and jonquills was blooming. I cut across Old Man Owens green meadow down by Crystal Crick and stopt at Granny Goontzes place and she said Hegbert come on in and have a slice of my 100th birthday cake which I did. But she didnt have no news so I went on up the hill to the Clide Haskins place and found old Clide, whom was sitting out on his front porch in the sun with his back against a post.

"Come on in, Hegbert," Clide said. "They is some chairs inside the house there, so git you one and set a spell.

While you are in their git me 1 too. I am afraid this old post is going to give way if I don't git up from hear."

When I brung out the chairs, Clide said: "Hebert, this sun shure is good. It warms the winter out of a man's bones. I like to sit hear and let that old sun seep into me."

"It is seeping into everything this time of year, Clide," I said. "Things is really turning green. Things is as pretty as I ever seen them."

Clide said "Hegbert, would you please hand me that peace of cedar down their by your chair. I have a urge to whittle something."

One thing you can say about Clide he keeps the sharpest pocket knife anywheres around. I set there and watched him whittle out a whistle for little Willie whom is the last of me and Abby's five youngins and the onely 1 left at home now.

"Maybe you havent notised, Hegbert," Clide said, "But I got me quite a view up hear on the hill. See them 2 cricks runnin together down there. See that peach orchard in bloom on yonder hill. See that flash of blue water way over their now that the sun is about to set. That's Big Piney. I've been laying off to go over their and catch me some big uns 1 of these days."

"I'll go with you any time, Clide," said I. "Just name the day."

"Well, we'll wait to see how things turn out," Clide answered. "Maybe some day when I'm not so busy."

So if we ever go over their, and if we catch some bigs ones, I'll write it up for the Clarion. You know you can depend on me, Mr. Editor.

Sinsereley, H. Clutter.

P.S. I seen my preacher, Bro. Harol Viktor again yesterday, and he didnt act like he was mad at me about the church bullitin. Also, Mr. Editor, please dont cancel my free anual suscription just because I missed onct.



# 'I Think About You, George'

By ANDREA HERMAN



HE WAS our paper boy, but I never knew him very well. He just sort of came along with the house when we moved in seven years ago, and I took him for granted, like the mailman, the meter reader, and the inevitable nice little old lady down the block. I can't even remember his last name now, although I suppose I knew it then.

In some ways I guess a paper boy is a little like a washing machine. No one ever pays much attention to it so long as it chugs along the way it's supposed to. And we certainly never had any problems with George.

Papers strewn among the bushes? Never. Papers late or unaccounted for? Not once during the four years he was in charge of their delivery.

By 4:30 every afternoon the day's final edition was folded and resting, as if carefully placed, on our door mat. Or, if there was even a hint of rain in the air, a familiar click and thump would signal that George had protectively placed the paper inside the storm door.

When we first became one of his responsibilities, George was a short, rather chunky boy of about 14. His hair was a reddish brown, cowlick-crested brush, and the glasses nestling on his rounded nose made his large, expressive eyes seem just slightly out of focus.

His smile was slow and a bit shy, but he always had a cheerful "Hi!" and a sort of semisalute for me when I saw him at a distance. On collection days he chatted amiably while I counted out the money and he punched my limp, hole-riddled card.

"Where's Scotty? I haven't seen him around lately," he'd ask if a few days had gone by since he'd noticed my two-year-old tornado waving frantically at him through the window. "Hey, you painted your front door green!" he'd grin. "It looks sharp!" He wasn't stiff or overly polite, and he wasn't trying to make a good impression. He'd just say something simple and sincere and nice, and I was invariably smiling as I closed the door behind me.

Time passed, as time is addicted to doing, and when Scotty was about four he developed his first case of hero worship. Day after day he'd squirm on our front step until George came into view. "Hi, George! Wait for me!" he'd squeal and take off across the front lawns, his sturdy young legs churning and his arms scooping up the summer breeze and tossing it behind him.

I'd watch them, sometimes, as they trudged from house to house—George folding the papers and Scotty running to deposit one in front of each door. The older boy's head would be lowered and cocked slightly to one side in order to hear Scotty's childish jabberings, and he'd nod seriously or laugh or reach out and give Scotty a playful clip on the back of his head. I don't know what they talked about, but it doesn't really matter. Scotty would come home grinning and radiant. "I was George's helper, Mom!" he'd sigh ecstatically. "George let me be his helper!"

Then there was the autumn that George broke his leg. For the first few weeks someone drove him around his route in the family car, but it was George himself, a crutch under one arm, who hobbled up each leaf-littered

driveway and placed the paper in its proper place. Later, when he got his walking cast, he went back to his daily solo performance, limping and awkward, but never late and always just as conscientious as he'd been before.

One day in late spring I was planting petunias along the front walk when he came by. Shifting his bulky bag to the other shoulder, he stopped for a moment. "Thought maybe I should tell you I won't be your paper boy any more after next week," he said.

I looked up, startled. "Why not?"

"Well, graduation's coming up soon," he answered. "And I have a job lined up for the summer. Then it's off to college next fall."

Amazed, I squinted against the sun and took a good hard look at him. No, he wasn't a chubby 14-year-old any longer. He was tall, almost lanky, and the roundness of his face had lengthened into well-shaped cheekbones and a solid, mature-looking chin. Somehow he'd even disciplined that cranky cowlick into lying flat.

"That's wonderful, George," I stammered, still a little shocked at how he'd managed to grow up overnight. "Have you decided what you'd like to major in?"

"Oh, I made up my mind about that a long time ago. I'm going to try my darndest to be a doctor," he replied.

"George, that's marvelous. I wish you luck . . ."

He smiled, tossed the paper on the porch, and went on to the next house. To the best of my recollection, that's the last time I ever saw him.

The new paper boy who arrived on the scene several days later didn't resemble George in any way. And that's really the kindest description I can give of him. He's so busy talking to the friend who constantly accompanies him along the route that he seldom pays any attention to where he tosses the paper. More than once I've had to perform some pretty unorthodox acrobatics to retrieve the latest news from the bushes, and on many occasions the paper has been so saturated with the elements that we've just tossed the soggy mess in the trash can without so much as a glance at the headlines.

Nor is collection day the way it used to be. I'm sure the new boy wouldn't deliberately overcharge us, but he's a bit vague and scatterbrained about his bookkeeping, and we have to double-check his arithmetic each time he comes. He also punches the card all over my rug.

The carelessness and indifference of the new boy is really a very small thorn in our sides, I'll admit. But sometimes I feel like marching out and scolding him as if he were a little child. Instead I think about George. In fact, I think about him often.

"Where are you?" I wonder. "How are you doing? I wish there were some way I could send my congratulations and my encouragement to you and to all the others like you. And I do know there are others like you, even though I seldom seem to hear about them."

"I can't remember your last name at the moment, George, but I know you. I'm aware of you. I think of you warmly and hopefully. I wish you success and I say silent prayers for you and for all the others like you. For you're the reason we're here today—and you're our hope for tomorrow." □

# PEOPLE



**CARL BERT ALBERT**

*New House Speaker*

AS THE NEW speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, Carl Bert Albert is potentially the second most powerful man in Washington, D.C., next to the vice-president in line of succession to the White House. This prospect does not fluster the diminutive, 62-year-old congressman who has represented Oklahoma's Third District in the House for 24 years, 16 of them as a member of the leadership. During January ceremonies on Capitol Hill the "little giant from Little Dixie" was elevated from majority leader to speaker.

Mr. Albert traveled an arduous road to national prominence. Son of a tenant farmer and oftentimes coal miner, he was born on a small farm outside McAlester, Okla. There he helped the family eke out a meager living in one of the poorest parts of the state during Depression days. He realized quickly that education would be his key to success and applied himself diligently at the two-room Bug Tussle School (so named because swarms of June bugs invaded the building on warm evenings).

When the McAlester High School valedictorian entered the University of Oklahoma, natural talents led him to excel in oratory. Four years later the five-foot-four-inch campus politician graduated Phi Beta Kappa and went on to study law at Oxford University on a Rhodes scholarship. A volunteer in the Army in World War II, he was discharged a lieutenant colonel and went home to run for Congress, winning a slim victory over four other candidates.

The energetic congressman retained his post with each subsequent election and worked his district, known as "Little Dixie," with care. Even after taking on the heavy load of House leadership responsibilities, he flew back to Oklahoma twice a month to talk with and listen to voters and local party leaders. Today the Alberts still have a modest bungalow on the west side of McAlester where Mr. Albert grew up in the Grand Avenue United Methodist Church. In Washington he, wife Mary, and son David, 16, share a 2-bedroom apartment. Daughter Mary Frances, 22, attends Rice University in Houston.

Two years before Mr. Albert chaired the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago he suffered a heart attack, but doctors pronounced him fully recovered a short time later. President Nixon had a personal word for Mr. Albert just before his televised State of the Union message in January. "They like you," the President whispered as the assemblage applauded the newly elected speaker. The two men entered Congress together in 1947.

Neil MacNeil, *Time* correspondent and scholar of the House, makes this observation about Speaker Albert: "I believe, after 16 years of knowing the man well, that he does have 'iron in his backbone.' He does not enter the speakership with any queasy thoughts that he is inadequate to the office. He intends to prove himself, not with any sense of personal aggrandizement or arrogance but because he knows he has a job that must be done." □





**KENNETH S. ROBINSON**  
*America's Top Teen*

AN IMPRESSIVE biography will accompany Kenneth S. Robinson, 16, America's Outstanding Teen-age Boy of 1970, when he enters Harvard University next fall. The Outstanding Americans Foundation cited the Nashville, Tenn., Pearl High School senior for his contributions to society, notably in the field of mental retardation.

"Being an honor student has had its drawbacks," Kenneth admits. Friends were scarce until, at 11, he met a retarded boy. Their close friendship inspired Kenneth to organize local chapters of the National Association for Retarded Children (NARC), and he now is the association's only teen-age board member as well as being president of Youth-NARC. "This work has bolstered my belief in the brotherhood of man," he stresses.

A glittering array of academic honors complements Kenneth's awards in journalism, drama, debating, bowling (his average is 170), and band. He has addressed the President's Committee on Mental Retardation, appeared on NBC's *Today Show*, and serves on the United Methodist General Commission on Worship.

The Robinsons attend Gordon Memorial United Methodist Church in Nashville where Kenneth is a past UMYF president. Although his mother and brother are teachers and his father is a high-school principal, Kenneth plans to study medicine and become a pediatrician. □



**ELIZABETH A. SMOCK**  
*Happiness Is Good Medicine*

RECENTLY A 10-year-old boy stood in the middle of Athol Memorial Hospital's playroom and exclaimed, "You've got just about everything here a kid could want except his mom!" That was before he discovered Elizabeth A. Smock.

Six years ago the United Methodist "preacher's kid" used her talent to turn a volunteer assignment at the Athol, Mass., hospital into a salaried post. As pediatric ward play-program director, Elizabeth keeps young patients smiling and occupied with games, clay, puppet shows, stories, music, or arts and crafts. "It isn't easy to comfort a sick child who must say good-bye to his parents," she says, "but our play program helps children adjust more quickly to hospitalization."

A post-operative illness during high school forced Elizabeth to earn her diploma by correspondence. Now she pursues independent study in education and recreation from the University of Minnesota. "Miss Smock understands the problems of pediatric behavior," says Frederic W. Hillis, Memorial Hospital administrator. "Her program and rapport with children has made our pediatrics area a fun place." Promoting the need for play programs in other small hospitals, Elizabeth emphasizes "I believe love is the greatest healing force in the world today, especially for anyone working with children." □

# Films & TV

PETER BOYLE (remember him in *Joe*?) summed up the attitude a growing number of people have about the motion picture academy awards when he commented:

"When Goldie Hawn won an award, some of the mystery of the Oscars disappeared."

No discredit to Miss Hawn, a passable young actress who stepped from television's *Laugh-In* to a starring role as a flighty young thing in *Cactus Flower*, but her role as the "other woman" who enables Ingrid Bergman to get her man simply does not qualify her among the "greats" in any field.

The 1971 awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will be presented in April amid considerable fanfare and national publicity. The public will speculate and pick its own winners, then cheer or complain over those chosen. But it will be accidental if the winners coincide with any reasonable critical standard. The Oscars are, quite simply, a combination of industry politics and sentimentality (aging actors, John Wayne; ailing actresses, Elizabeth Taylor; black actors, Sidney Poitier). They have almost nothing to do with creativity or talent.

For some reason, the public seems determined not to recognize this blatant commercialism, preferring to play the game the Academy wants played, staying up late at night to see who wins, weeping a bit with the victors, empathizing with the losers.

Rumbles against the Academy system continue to grow, reaching a painful crest this spring—painful for the Academy at least—when George C. Scott rejected a nomination as best actor for his title role in *Patton*. Scott's name was not officially removed from the list of five nominees, but his chances were lessened. Of course, in Scott's case, his nomination was appropriate because his performance as General George Patton was a demanding, sensitive, insightful piece of work. But before his public attack on the Academy system, he stood a good chance of being named best actor, not because of his acting ability but because the company that produced and released *Patton* is a major Hollywood enterprise, 20th Century-Fox.

Peter Boyle, referred to above in his comment about Goldie Hawn, had almost no chance of even gaining a nomination because Cannon, the company that owns his film *Joe* is a small independent which has almost no voting power in the final Academy-awards balloting. Original nominations in each category are made by persons in individual fields—music, acting, special effects, directing—but the final voting is by the entire Academy membership, around 3,000 card-carrying members of the film-making industry.

At the outset it probably seemed a good idea, letting one's own peers determine greatness in a given field. But movie making is a highly competitive, speculative business, and quality has not stood in the way of profit. The big companies need the added late-spring push at the box office that an Academy award can give, and since financial solvency affects all employees, there is a strong tendency by Paramount employees, for example, to vote down the line for Paramount nominees.

*Love Story* and *Airport* are two good examples of big company films that have been popular favorites but critical disasters. Both were nominated as best picture of 1970, but in this case "best" means box-office success not value success. Both are formula films that play out obvious emotions in predictable ways, producing shallow and immediate reactions. They are manipulative pictures safe in their certainty, triggering responses an unthinking public likes to have triggered. Both have the honesty of World War II propaganda movies, where the enemy is portrayed the way the public wants him portrayed, with no regard for character integrity or human authenticity.

The nomination of these two films—which in the case of "best picture" come from the entire Academy membership—was obvious the moment they became box-office successes. Whether they have any inherent cinematic value was never a consideration.

At times, films of value do slip through. Columbia's *Five Easy Pieces* contains excellent acting performance by Jack Nicholson and Karen Black, and both were nominated. But Bob Rafelson's direction of *Pieces*, by critical standards the power behind the picture, was ignored in the nominations, and Laszlo Kovacs' photography was also passed over, as was his work for last year's *Easy Rider*.

Politics may work against *Pieces* this year because Columbia also released *I Never Sang for My Father*, which contains solid acting by Melvyn Douglas and Gene Hackman. Employees at Columbia may end up splitting their vote, leaving the unsplit field to formula performers.

Waiting for the winners will be fun, of course—and race is fun when you know the participants. But the race we are watching is popularity and politics, and not incidentally related to talent.

—James M. Wa

## TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

April 21, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on PBS—*The Great American Dream Machine*.

April 21, 9-11 p.m., EST on NBC—*David Copperfield* with Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Michael Redgrave, and Dame Edith Evans (rerun).

April 22, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—G.E. Managran Theater: *Childhood*.

April 23, 10-11 p.m., EST on NBC—*Jascha Heifitz*.

April 24, 5-6:30 p.m., EST on ABC—tenth anniversary of ABC's *Wide World of Sports*; includes the best of the decade.

April 26, 10-10:30 p.m., EDT on PBS—Book Beat: *American Journey: The Times of Robert Kennedy* by George Plimpton.

April 27, 7:30-9 p.m., EDT on NBC—Hallmark Hall of Fame: *Storm in Summer* with Peter Ustinov (rerun).

April 27 and May 11, 10-11

p.m., EDT on CBS—*60 Minutes*.

April 28, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT on PBS—*The Great American Dream Machine*.

May 4, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*First Tuesday*.

May 4, 10-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Haw to Stay Alive* examines health habits of insurance salesman, blue-collar foreman, high school teacher, and business executive; viewer can rate his own health style.

May 9, 10-11:30 p.m., EST on NBC—Emmy Awards.

May 10, 9-11 p.m., EST on ABC—*Earth II*, space science adventure produced expressly for TV based on scientific fact provided by NASA.

May 13, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Lil Abner*. Musical satire Dagpatch's war against pollution.

May 19, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—Tennessee Ernie Ford Special. [





## ... but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to our Home in Hong Kong, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

And there was a reason for her sadness. Her parents were dead, her relatives didn't want her. It seemed that no one in the world loved her.

So why the big smile now? Well, Su May has discovered that someone does love her. She lives in a pretty cottage along with her new "brothers and sisters"—and has loving care from a housemother, especially trained for the difficult task of being a mother to youngsters like Su May.

*And just look at her now.* She doesn't have a worry in the world—but we do. Because, you see, we must find a sponsor for Su May. A sponsor who will help provide food, clothing, education—love.

And Su May is only *one* heartbreaking case out of thousands . . . boys and girls who are neglected, unwanted, starving, unloved. Our workers overseas have a staggering number of children desperately waiting for help—over 5,000 youngsters, that will just have to survive the best they can until we find sponsors for them.

How about you? Will you sponsor a child like Su May? The cost is only \$12 a month.

Please fill out the sponsor application—you can indicate your preference, or let us assign you a child from our emergency list.

Then, in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, and a personal history. Your child will write to you, and a housemother will send you the original and

an English translation, direct from overseas.

Won't you share your blessings—and your love—with a needy child?

Countries of greatest need this month: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

**CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S  
FUND, Inc.**

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204



I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in  
(Country) \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$\_\_\_\_\_. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please send me more information

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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TG5650

# Teens

By DALE WHITE

**I**N FEBRUARY we shared a letter from a girl who was angry at the way she was being treated at home. She had to wait hand and foot on her brothers. Her mother believed it is woman's lot to wait on the men. But since reading Women's Lib material, this girl felt she was being used and discriminated against because of her sex. Here are some of your responses:

"I am a girl, 16, who has three brothers and one sister. Everyone in our home does his part.

"Personally, I do not consider the girl's problem related to Women's Lib. To me, the mother's point of view is unfair. No mother should make her daughter a slave to her brother. In a home, everyone should do his part and run his own errands. A boy should not expect his sister to spend her study time fixing him snacks. It is ridiculous!

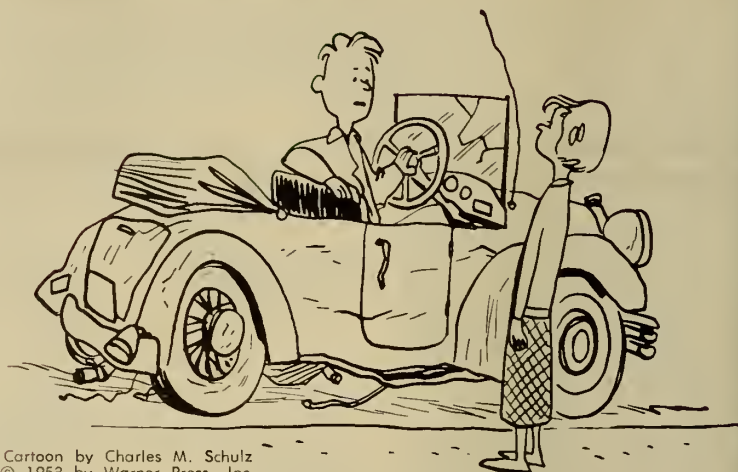
"Christianity is servitude to the Lord and help to others in need, but I don't believe that one's Christian duty extends so far as to accept another's responsibility for himself and to his family."—M.W.

"I'm 44 years old, a mother and grandmother. I think much of the Women's Lib Movement is a bunch of hogwash. But I agree with this girl that all the children in a family should have equal responsibilities as much as possible.

"The boys are not being taught to accept responsibility when the parents do their chores. Consideration is a two-way street and the boys should have the chance to do for others. If the mother wants to be a carpet for the boys to walk on, that's her business, but J.Z. should not be expected to be one, too."—L.J.

"A family, especially a Christian family, should act as a unit and respect each other's wishes—for privacy as well as in service. There is no reason for one person in a family, either male or female, to become a slave to the others.

"There should be a harmony, like all the bees of a hive working together, not one person requesting of another, the way baby birds in a nest demand food from their mother. It is a beautiful thing to do a favor and



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz  
© 1958 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I've been honking for 20 minutes, but I guess the motor drowns out the horn."

receive thanks in return. But no one owes services to another person.

"J.Z.'s mother's philosophy is fine—that sisters should serve their brothers whenever they can—but there are two sides to every sandwich and brothers should also serve their sisters whenever they can. There are jobs for men and jobs for women, and jobs that both can do.

"By the way, I'm 18 years old and come from a family of seven. The boys can fix their own lunch or iron their own shirt almost as well as the girls."—R.S.

"As a mother I began reading Teens in Together when my children were in their teens. Now, after they're married, I still read it because I am still interested in how the new generation feels.

"My heart really goes out to J.Z. because I realize how wrong her parents are for not making their sons take their share of the responsibilities. If this keeps up these boys will never know any responsibility at home.

"As a child I saw my brother practically order my mother to get up and get him a glass of water. This was because she had waited on him in previous years when he was ill. Then she continued to do so, not knowing she was depriving him of the joy of becoming independent. Now as a married man he still expects it of his wife and children.

"Children need to be taught at an early age to do as much for themselves as possible."—R.C.

"I was one of five sisters with three brothers. Our parents never indicated any favoritism among us. We all had household duties to perform, and we did them—with and without prodding, as all children do. However, it was made clear from the outset, by precept and example from our parents, that the girls did 'girls' jobs' and the boys did 'boys' jobs,' but it didn't hurt to help each other out if the need arose.

"Among the girls' jobs were setting the table (none of the menfolk ever got up from the table at a nap), providing small creature comforts for the boys, and recognizing the needs of the boys. The boys in turn did not abuse their privileges, and we treated us with respect as females. We fetched lemonade and iced sandwiches and pressed pants and shined shoes for our brothers. We did not feel put upon, and we were inferior. We did things for them because we loved them.

"It is our job as women to serve the men, and see to their comfort. We have every right to expect this. We never forget the warm tingle of pleasure when any of my brothers grinned his appreciation for a small favor. It brought us closer together.

"All eight of us became valuable, community-conscious citizens, and



some of us are grandparents. Our daughters 'wait on' their brothers, and later, on their husbands, as we do. There is no question of 'equality.' I suffer when I overhear a girl flip-pantly tell her brother, 'Get it yourself! I'm not your servant.'

"I cringe when a young 'liberated' housewife leaves an unopened can of soup on the counter for her husband's lunch, when she will not be there. I would never have done that, nor does my daughter to her brothers or her husband. We would leave the soup in a pan, on the stove, ready to be heated. The table would be set, and a sandwich would be in the refrigerator. A man needs to know his woman cares, whether she is sister, wife, or mother."—F.B.

QA

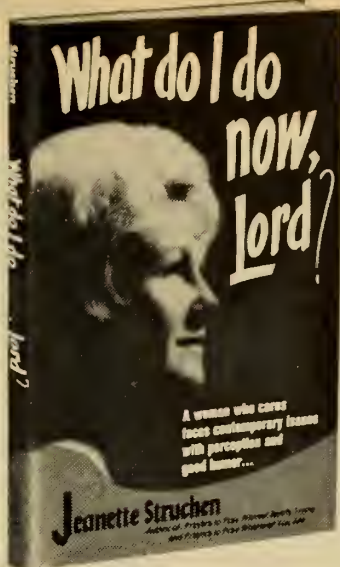
I am a 17-year-old girl, a senior in high school, an honor student, and belong to the National Honor Society and Beta Club. I try to do my best always, and try not to hurt anyone. I have a strong belief in God and it really makes a big difference.

I have a problem. I hope you don't laugh because it is actually true. I am scared to death of my father! It has gotten to be a real problem. When he enters I leave, for I feel so uncomfortable. I can't even eat in front of him. It actually makes me nervous. Sometimes I find myself trembling. I can be doing something and find myself frightened of something, but I don't know what. In a couple of days it is over.

This makes me awfully depressed. I am always home because I am afraid to ask may I go someplace. This has caused me to turn down a boy who asked me to be his girl. I know I can never go out with him. And he is one of the nicest persons I have ever met. He is very religious and has a nice personality.


Please don't think I talk back to my parents or want my way. I don't. If they give me an answer I accept it, even if sometimes I know they are wrong. Telling them even in the nicest way would be "talking back." I love them too much to hurt them, but my love is now turning to fear.—J.D.

Your fear could be quite realistic. Perhaps your father is a deeply hostile person at home, even though he may be decent to other people. Your inability to challenge a parental idea even in the "nicest way" as "talking back" shows you are living



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in a repressive atmosphere at your house.

Professional counseling is the only way I know to change these unhealthy family patterns. Can you share your concern with your pastor? He may be able to talk your parents into seeing a counselor. If not, he can help you to get some feelings expressed and to put your fears into perspective.

Don't bury yourself in that home! You need lots of wholesome fellowship with other youth and understanding adults. Otherwise, the bad vibrations at home will get to you.



**Would you consider abnormal a 16-year-old boy who does not have the urge to begin dating? I have always been shy, quiet, and reserved. However, I get along well with everyone, although I make few really close friends.—D.M.**

I would not consider your unreadiness to begin dating as abnormal in any sense. Young people mature at different rates. Some mature early in intellectual or artistic interests, but social development comes later. Some get along fine with adults, but feel a strain around members of their own age group. Some relate well to members of the same sex but get inhibited in mixed company.

Even apart from questions of maturity, dating is not for everybody. A lot of kids feel no wish to date until they are ready to get married. When they find someone they want to get serious about, they move rapidly into courtship, engagement, and marriage. Do it your own way!



**I, too, am a P.K. (preacher's kid) as the girl who wrote about her problem in the January issue. I have seen what she is seeing and will continue to see in my father's churches. After 22 years of this I have become an agnostic.**

**I may say to her she will see (if she hasn't already) hypocrites ruin and destroy the meaning of being a Christian. She will see politics played in God's house and hear rumors spread needlessly. She will see greed and power for recognition practiced in this sacred house. But most of all she will see her father hurt so very badly by all of**

**this and stand to face more while she with hell on her tongue will want to say so much and won't. She may become as I have.**

**She may learn to accept God outside the church and not have to face this kind of people. She will see more than the ordinary person for while they are willingly blind, her eyes are forced open by her father's profession.**

**I hope she is helped because I have walked her road also, but found a secret fork.—S.S.**

Your experience in the ministry is much more negative than ours. I am sorry it has made you bitter. We see sin in the church, as you have. That is encouraging in a way, since Christ came to save sinners. We also see the Word being preached, the sacraments duly administered, the young being nurtured in the faith, and genuine Christian growth and healing. That makes it all worthwhile.



**A long time ago you said that daydreaming need not be a problem if it doesn't interfere with your daily living. But mine does! That's just it. I can daydream wherever I go, at any time. I'm getting behind in school and often cannot find something at home because I can't stay out of my world of unreality.**

**I talked to an adult about it, and while I was talking to him I got all upset and started crying. Why did I do that? I know it confused him. And I couldn't describe my dreams to him. If I told him about some of them I know I would wind up in a mental institution.**

**In my dreams I am always the heroine. I am not pretty. I stay up in my room all the time. I am made fun of. Why, why, why? These are questions I have to find answers for, but I can't go to anybody.**

**Can you see what I'm trying to say?—J.B.**

Since you are unhappy and stay alone a lot of the time, daydreaming helps to make up for the loss of companionship. Also, it is a way of pretending and building up your sense of self-worth and confidence.

Much better than daydreaming, however, is learning to count on the kinds of social skills which can keep you from having to be alone so much. It takes a lot of courage to get out there among people, take

some hurts, and yet keep on trying. Talking with a responsible adult regularly can help you a great deal. The fact that you cried so much when you tried talking with an adult is another indication that you need to do such talking, not once, but every week for awhile.

Would your minister be willing to talk with you for half an hour each week? You could set the time at his convenience, go to his office from school, and just talk. You could tell him you don't want any special advice, but just want somebody to listen while you learn to talk to people. Are you active in the youth fellowship at church? Being with young people in informal situations is important.



**I have a problem. There's this boy in my third-period English class I really like. He's kind of slow and not too bright. Whenever we have an assignment he always asks for my paper so he can copy it. Whenever I refuse he gets angry and won't talk to me.**

**But when I do he's nice and very friendly towards me. Since I like him so much, this attitude is better. I feel bad about cheating for him. I know it's wrong, but I like him a lot. Do you think he's taking advantage of the fact that we're friends? What should I do? I don't want to lose him!—G.P.**

Yes, I think he is taking advantage of your friendship. *Unfair* advantage, too. In fact, you can hardly call it a friendship if he likes you only when you cheat for him. It is certainly never wise to let yourself be conned into violating your own conscience.

Can you offer to tutor him in English? You could meet a couple of times a week at the library or someplace and drill him in the subject. Maybe he won't become a genius, but he might at least pass the course. And think of the fun you could have working on it together!



Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068.  
—Your Editors



# Fiction



THE MOST effective critics of any generation are usually those who write satire. Without meeting the foolish or the evil head on, they tear down our stupid behavior through their bitter, biting humor. Preachers need to learn this lesson because we often make a bad condition worse by preaching against it in deadly seriousness. The light touch can be more devastating.

I thought of this as I read *MRS. WALLOP* by Peter DeVries (*Little, Brown*, \$6.95). I always start a new DeVries book with great anticipation, and I am happy now to recommend this one wholeheartedly. DeVries knows enough about our contemporary madness to deal with it realistically. At the same time, one feels that he is saying that the foibles of this generation taken so seriously are a big joke when viewed by a man who reads books and does a little thinking.

Mrs. Wallop is quite a girl. She thinks she has been unjustly portrayed as a character in a best seller written by a young man who was a former lodger. The chance to settle that score comes when this author returns to become a boarder once again. As if that were not enough, her own son, Osgood, writes a short novel, *The Duchess of Obloquy*, which is included in the book. Of course he blames everything that is wrong with him on his mother instead of on the way he is living.

Emma Wallop decides that she will draw out some money her husband left her and produce a movie. She has some fun in this venture and her remarks about the passing scene are always pungent, realistic, and delightful. For example, one of her friends, Cora, dresses in an all-white silk and lace number which reminds Emma of her friendly service-station man. So, of course, at the cocktail party she could not resist passing her glass to her hostess and saying, "Fill 'er up."

Whenever I have been in a very serious group discussing a campus strike or a racial confrontation, I think of Mrs. Wallop. Then I pray for a sense of humor and an insight that will carry me through these difficult days without getting uptight or losing my cool. There is more honest Christianity in this viewpoint than we are likely to realize. Mrs. Wallop, I love you.

*LAST THINGS* by C. P. Snow (*Scribners*, \$7.95) is the last volume in the *Strangers and Brothers* sequence, and as the dust cover has it, "A major, unrivaled achievement in contemporary literature."

I have become a great admirer of C. P. Snow who seems to me to best illustrate the scientist with a literary and general humanistic point of view. All his novels in this series tell the story of Lewis Eliot whose life has covered roughly the period of my own. Snow fills the life of our time with excitement and gives it a certain dignity.

The first part of this book bored me, and I thought the old master had lost his touch. But then, suddenly, it came alive, dealing with the problems of Eliot's son, his love affairs, an invitation (later rejected) to join the government as a cabinet officer. One gets the feeling that this is a fundamentally good man who tries to keep alert to new things and new styles, and he is alive to the end. He does conclude that some of the old things which are discarded represent values that are eternal.

But *Last Things* does not present any simple solution to the life of our time, and it never gets sentimental. Yet, at the end of it, I thought the author was saying that things come and go and things change, but faith and loyalty to goodness will carry us through finally. Eliot has to go through the fear of blindness, and in two serious operations we experience through him the frailty of life and the uncertainty of our human physical destiny.

This book is worthy of its predecessors and certainly, if you have read some of the others, you will not want to miss this one.

I now call your attention to *SIMON PETER* by Gerald N. Battle (*Word*, \$3.95). I should tell you that the author, a friend of mine, was most hesitant in even intimating that I might be interested in reading this for *Together*. Battle works for The Methodist Publishing House which I assume is the only reason Abingdon did not publish this book. I read it carefully, critically, and I think it is wonderful. It is a child's book. Whether this means that I am childish or simply that what appeals to children will appeal to adults also—if they have not lost the open mind—I leave to you to decide.

It is a story about the disciple, of course. Research sheds some new light on customs to re-create with realism the home of a Jewish boy in the first century. It is not silly nor is it filled with romantic pictures thought by some to be suitable for children. It is a simple story told in straightforward English. I liked it. The author examines the boyhood of Simon Peter with such understanding that it must have been pretty much as he has written it.

If you believe as I do that Mark is essentially Peter's Gospel, then you will be well pleased with this story of the birth, the childhood, and the coming into manhood of Peter. There is a wonderful section on the journey to Jerusalem which the boy Peter and his family took with their neighbors to celebrate the Passover. The life of a fisherman on Galilee is real. So is living in a country ruled by the Romans.

My advice is that you buy this book for your children but first read it yourself. Some of the stuff written today primarily for adults will turn out to be cheap and trivial in the light of this simple story of a boy who became a disciple and a "Rock."

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

# BOOKS



*"In what others might regard as a dreary desert landscape, the naturalist and the artist and the philosopher . . . could here find a paradise to challenge their fondest dreams," say the authors of *The Secret Places*. They lived in such a desert valley in Arizona and thought it had everything.*

**S**PRING is the time of year when most of us want out so it's appropriate to bypass a shelf full of relevant and serious volumes to highlight a couple of books of the kind that people buy, enjoy, and keep around to look at again and again. They might help you in your vacation planning, too.

Ann and Myron Sutton did what most of us can only dream of doing when they traveled some 50,000 miles gathering material and taking pictures for *The Secret Places* (Rand McNally, \$12.95). Among these fascinating places are Alaskan glaciers, California lava caves, desert valleys, tropical forests, historic mansions, and gentle woodlands. None of them is really secret, but some are hard to reach and all of them are a little off the usual paths that tourists beat.

Hodding Carter, who has lived beside the Mississippi almost all his life, shows man as tamer and the river as protagonist in *Man and the River: The Mississippi* (Rand McNally, \$14.95). Dan

Guravich took the pictures for this handsome book that traces the course of one of the world's mightiest rivers—from a Minnesota lake to the Gulf of Mexico.

Before very long the little Sioux daughters of Russell and Cecelia Dilley [page 63] will be reading history, and I hope one of the American history books they will read when they are old enough will be *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$10.95).

Most histories of the American West have been written by palefaces who have taken it for granted that it was necessary and right for white "civilization" to override the Indians on its march west.

In the late 19th century enterprising newspaper reporters frequently interviewed Indian warriors and chiefs, some of whom spoke freely while others delighted in telling tall stories. A few authentic accounts were written by Indians, in pictographs or translated into English, but the richest sources of first-



person statements are the records of treaty councils and other meetings between Indians and civilian or military representatives of the United States government. Dee Brown, head librarian at the University of Illinois, has been collecting material from all these sources for a number of years, and now it is woven together in *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* to produce a unique and deeply interesting history of the American West—from the Indians' point of view.

The Dilley's Sioux daughters will find their ancestors on the losing side, and yet surely their hearts will thrill when they read: "The Indians know that life was equated with the earth and its resources, that America was a paradise, and they could not comprehend why the intruders from the East were determined to destroy all that was Indian as well as America itself."

**Cherokee Tragedy** (Macmillan, \$10) moves slowly, but it is a valuable history of the people of the Cherokee Nation, forced from their ancestral homelands in North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia into the hills of what is now eastern Oklahoma.

Thurman Wilkins tells the story of the Cherokees primarily through what happened to one of their chiefs, Major Ridge, who had fought the British with Andrew Jackson, who loved his people, and who brought "civilization" to them in the form of new schools, the English language, and new customs. Like many another man ahead of his time, he was betrayed, in his case, by the United States government and by his own son and nephew.

I wish Wilkins had carried the story of the Cherokees up to today. From the beginning of their life in Oklahoma they have been successful farmers, ranchers, and businessmen. Many of them have married white people, something that may seem disloyal to their tribe in the light of the present Indian movement. But as a result, countless successful men and women in Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Kansas say proudly that they are part Cherokee.

The bra-burning and the strident voices of the militant wing of women's liberation have done some good. Maybe great good. As the mule skinner used to say about his mule: "First I have to hit him over the head to get his attention."

But the real voices of women's liberation are quieter, calmer, and a lot more convincing. Some of these are heard in *Voices of the New Feminism* (Beacon Press, \$5.95),

edited by Mary Lou Thompson, and *Women's Liberation and the Church* (Association Press, \$5.95, cloth; \$2.95, paper), edited by Sarah Bentley Doely.

Man is not the enemy, *Voices of the New Feminism* reiterate. Betty Friedan sums it up: "Men will only be truly liberated, to love women and to be fully themselves, when women are liberated to be full people. . . . And men will also not be fully free to be all they can as long as they must live up to an image of masculinity that denies to a man all the tenderness and sensitivity that might be considered feminine."

Mrs. Doely believes that for the first time a dialogue about women in the church can take place in local parishes, among the laity, instead of within the predominantly male ecclesiastical bodies in which decisions have been made about women's role in the past.

Members of pastor-parish relations committees and young women considering entering the ministry will find a practical, well-balanced report of what it is like to be a minister and also a woman in a book by the Rev. Elsie Gibson.

Mrs. Gibson, who is a minister of the United Church of Christ, is the wife of the Rev. Royal J. Gibson and the mother of two grown sons. The Gibsons were ordained together in 1935, and have served pastorates in Montana, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Texas, and Louisiana.

**When the Minister Is a Woman** (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$4.95) is an interesting book, full of anecdotes about women preachers in a number of Protestant denominations. It is realistic about the special problems a woman minister has when she is single and considering marriage, when she is married to a minister, when her husband is a layman, and when she is a widow. But wherever was there a minister without problems, and if it takes an exceptional woman to be a good minister, doesn't it also take an exceptional man?

Marilyn Brown Oden considers modern woman as "innovator" in *Beyond Feminism* (Abingdon, \$3.50). Focusing on the woman of faith in action, she reminds women to recognize that God created them, and

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therefore they are persons of worth.

"As women, we have intelligence and knowledge. We have time and money to do what is important to us. We are energetic, capable, and experienced in human relations. What would happen if all this power were called forth and channeled toward creating a world of excellence?" she asks.

Mrs. Oden is a United Methodist minister's wife, the mother of four, and a counselor at an experimental University School at the University of Oklahoma. To move beyond feminism, she believes, is "to dream of autonomous persons willing to give themselves in authentic relatedness, who know the value of each life, and whose life-space proclaims the ultimate yes."

I had a long talk with Martha Lane, who wrote *At Home in Model Valley* [page 35], about *The Hollow* (Coward-McCann, \$5.95), a book that is billed as "a powerful and compassionate account of life in the hills of Appalachia today."

Since Bill Surface has an ear for dialogue, his examination of the daily lives of people in eight shacks along a little hollow between two ridges in eastern Kentucky is vivid and interesting. But it focuses on a barren and desolate kind of existence with such single-mindedness that you put it down feeling that all Appalachia is like that and there is no hope.

Marti's article refutes this, and so does *Where Time Stood Still* (Crowell-Collier Press, \$5.95). Bruce and Nancy Roberts' report on Appalachia in text and pictures is sympathetic and hopeful. To be sure, they have found poverty and ignorance in their travels through Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, but the Robertses also found cohesive families, pride in craftsmanship, progressive politicians, and small industries springing up through local efforts. For these reasons they believe that Appalachia can ultimately become "the land of promise" a commission appointed by President John F. Kennedy once called it.

Fleming H. Revell Company celebrated its centennial year in 1970 by selecting the winning manuscript in its competition "to encourage the creation of inspirational literature . . . that will stimulate Christian growth within the individual, the church, and the community."

The award—\$10,000—went to a minister with an appropriate name, James W. Angell, pastor of Claremont Presbyterian Church, Claremont, Calif.

His book is *Put Your Arms Around the City* (Revell, \$4.95), which mounts in intensity like a good evangelistic sermon.

Mr. Angell doesn't believe faith is part of an abandoned small-town past: "Faith and the city are made for each other. Both share in the dynamic shifts of a revolutionary time. . . there are new horizons of possibility both for the City and the Church . . . enthusiastically claimed, they will help explain and fulfill each other."

". . . Ladies and gentlemen: We interrupt this program for the following announcement . . . Strange beings have landed in the Jersey farmlands tonight and are the vanguard of an invading army from Mars . . ."

The panic came in the night. Listeners dropped to their knees and began to moan and babble. Telephone lines were clogged with calls. Roads were clogged with cars. In a few more hours the Red Cross and the National Guard would have had to be mobilized.

The "invasion" that night of October 30, 1938, was nothing more than a radio play, broadcast over CBS by Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre, but people who tuned in after it began thought it was real, strangely enough didn't check other radio stations, and either waited in terror for their doom or piled into their cars and raced away in aimless flight.

Howard Koch, who wrote the script for the broadcast, adapting it from H. G. Wells' well-known novella, *The War of the Worlds*, tells the incredible story in *The Panic Broadcast* (Little, Brown, \$4.95).

This is a fascinating book for science-fiction fans, or for students of the gullibility of human nature.

A minister friend of my parents used to set me on his knee and tell me the story of Jonah and the whale. He had a great talent for dramatization, and I wish every child could have heard him. But there are many contemporary versions of this story available today. One attractive one is *Jonah and the Lord* (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$3.95). The story is told by George Macbeth, Scottish-born like my own storyteller, and it is enlivened with colorful illustrations by Margaret Gordon, whose work on another book for children won the British Arts Council award for the best book for young children, 1966-68.

—Helen Johnson



# To an Unknown Mother

By CECELIA DILLEY

DEAR Mother of My Little Girls:

Bedtime stories are ended, prayers said, and kisses lovingly planted on the rosy cheeks of my little girls. Their eyelids droop with the happy heaviness of a day's play. Soon they will be asleep.

Now, as almost always, I find myself thinking of you. That night when they came to us—fragile, hungry, tiny—we were ecstatic with joy. And then I thought of you. My joy came from your sorrow. My gain was your loss. My arms held two baby girls, your arms were empty. My heart was bounding with happiness, yours weighted down with sadness surely akin to death. As I tucked these small daughters in their cribs that night tears of mingled joy and sadness ran down my cheeks. Along with my prayers for guidance in the raising of these two little girls, I prayed fervently that somehow, wherever you were, you could know that they were deeply loved and wanted.

I often wonder what you must look like. Surely the girls look in part like you. I know your hair is black and straight, your skin bronze, and your eyes black. The blond hair, blue eyes, and fair skin of my husband and myself, and the children born to us, will deny biological kinship with the two daughters you have given us, but the externals are not important. We are not blood related, but we are related by a bond even deeper, the bond of love.

Birthdays at our house, with many children now to share in the festivities, are full of activity. Yet amidst all the noise, confusion, candles, cake, and ice cream on Beka and Sara's birthdays I think of you. I know you will be remembering the day of their birth, and questions forever unanswerable will be crowding your thoughts: Where are they? What do they look like now? What do their voices sound like?

The Indian names you chose for them are beautiful. Someday when they are old enough to understand we will tell them about those names they first bore, and the love and thought you put into them.

All mothers thrill to a little voice saying: "I love you, Mommy." I wish they could have said this to you just once. There are many things mothers want to teach their children. High on my list is love for you who gave them life. They are most fortunate for they have the love of two mothers. You put your love and concern for them above your own feelings when you gave them to someone whom you trusted would love them and give them what you could never provide.

Mother of my little girls, I love them as my own—they are my own. I am so proud of them. Their every little accomplishment gives me joy, as it would give you. When there are tears, I kiss them away. When their arms go around my neck and we share a mutual hug, I think of you.

Someday, through me, they will know you and love you as you loved them.

With deepest love for you, I am  
*The Mother of Your Little Girls*



*Sara (left) and Beka Dilley.*

## To My Little Sioux Daughters

Beloved little Sioux daughters of mine:

Today you rode a merry-go-round.

You sat astride wooden ponies,

Raven black hair streaming behind your beautiful little bronze faces.

When asked who you are, hold your heads high and say:  
"I am an Indian."

Beloved little Sioux daughters of mine:

Yesterday your grandmother rode a pony,

Not a wooden steed circling endlessly the same path,

But one whose gallop carried her across a free prairie

Known only to the buffalo and the wind and the sky.

Pride was in her bearing for she knew she was a Sioux.

There came a day when your grandmother's pony was gone.

The buffalo herds no longer blackened the plains.

Only the ceaseless Dakota wind swept the prairies

And the sky-dome spoke of freedom,

Freedom that had ceased to exist for a new word had taken its place

. . . reservation.

And there were those who said there was no pride in being Indian.

Beloved little Sioux daughters of mine:

I cannot buy you a pony to gallop across prairies,

Nor will the buffalo herds be restored.

But something of greater importance I give you.

You are Indian . . . daughters of the Sioux.

Your heritage is rich

To you I give pride in your people.

When asked who you are,

Hold your heads high and say with pride in your voice . . .

"I am an Indian."

# Jottings

Writers, we have learned, aren't necessarily the world's best spellers. You'd think, however, that men and women who have written many millions of words would seldom stumble over anything short of "antidisestablishmentarianism" or "eleemosynary" (both of which we just looked up in the dictionary). This came to mind when one of our secretaries, transcribing a letter from dictation, asked an editor who happened to be passing her desk: "How do you spell 'eleemosynary'?" To which the editor replied: "I know what it means, but I can't spell it." (It turned out later, he didn't really know.)

Another editor, hearing the secretary's question, chimed in: "It is spelled 'e-e-l-m-o—e-l-e-m-o-z—,' oh, you'd better look it up!"

One author, who has many good books to his credit, once told us that he would be "extremely reluctant" to take part in a spelling bee with a bright sixth-grader. And we recall that the late, lamented *Saturday Evening Post* often ran long lists of words which were frequently misspelled by many of its world-renowned authors.

All of which, oddly enough, leads us back to our January issue and to the *Jottings* column in which we mentioned a 44-year-old news item about a Methodist bishop who

advised every man to wear a moustache "as the last distinctive badge of masculinity that women have left him."

Well, we don't know whether our little story had anything to do with it or not, but a few weeks later came this dispatch by Religious News Service out of Dover, Del.: "Male students at the United Methodist-related Wesley College here will be allowed to grow moustaches during spring term . . ."

When we looked back at the January issue and the *Jottings* item we blushed with shame. Obviously, the word should be spelled "moustache," not "moustache." At long last, we thought, a misspelled word had slipped into our column.

"Nope," said the man whose job it is to know better. "The preferred spelling is 'moustache' and I have two huge dictionaries here to prove it."

Associate Editor Ira M. Mohler, to whom we refer, sits across the hall from us. It is his job to keep some of us from looking a little less unlettered than we really are. He knows, for example, that we are never quite sure whether to put a punctuation mark inside or outside quotation marks; and that we have trouble with such words as "occurring," "rhythm," "Ecclesiastes," "Deuteronomy," and that we are likely to spell pamphlet "phamphlet."



Mr. Mohler has his big dictionaries, of course. But they are backed by long years of newspaper experience checking facts, punctuation, and spelling for International News Service, now merged with United Press International. He knows that the chances for error in any one issue are—well—astronomical; that any one column of type offers about 2,584.4 chances for error. However, because of his patience, his eagle eye, and—above all—his competence, you find inaccuracies, misspellings, or typographical errors only rarely in *TOGETHER*.

There have been exceptions, of course, despite the fact that every column of type set for the magazine is seen—if not completely read—at least 36 times by at least nine people.

Just the same, everyone who knew better once permitted Christ

to be born in Nazareth instead of Bethlehem. Another time, an item about "six missionaries" going into a foreign field turned out to be "sex missionaries." And, so far as we can determine, one typographical error crept into January's 15,000-word novelette, *Lost Dominion*. Anyone catch it?

Moving from words to people—a subject most of our words are about, by the way. Yes, *People* is the new title for a feature that *TOGETHER* has used regularly—usually every month—since early 1957. Yes, *Unusual Methodists* is now simply *People*. Somehow, we never felt comfortable with the old title; nor could we fall in love with other suggested titles such as *Unusual United Methodists*, *Interesting United Methodists*, or *Among Our Members*. The new title will not change the nature of this popular feature devoted to individual whose lives and accomplishments are a little out of the ordinary.

Kathleen Davis [see her *Love Is a Link*, page 23] tells us that before 1956, "I had written nothing but grocery lists." Since then, however, her work has appeared in numerous publications. Interestingly enough, this issue brings to three the number of her articles we've printed involving the same person—her mother-in-law. The first, *Remember Grandmother as She Used to Be*, was published in our December, 1964 issue; the second, *The Joy That Night*, in December, 1966.

"Of course this has been the most natural subject for me to write about during the past several years," Mrs. Davis told us. "Would-be writers are advised to write about what you know about." And living with an aging person is what I've learned most about."

This, she adds, is progressive learning; and progressive learning demands progressive understanding and adjustment. As an aged person becomes more senile, his need for compassion also increases. —Your Editors

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## Now—In My Day

We sit and wonder as we hear him speak  
If the time will come when we shall seek  
To convince others of later design  
That the times that have passed were the good ol' times.  
That the times that have fled were the good ol' days.  
We did things differently and in much better ways:  
The fish we caught, much larger it's true;  
The rivers we swam, much wider, too;  
The hills we climbed, much steeper, we know;  
The rules we lived by, much stricter, it's so.  
As we sit here and listen to the old man's tales,  
We try to be lenient for as time sails  
Our day will come—yes, it will arrive—  
When we sit and hold forth, and how we shall strive  
To convince young ones, we know that it's true  
That the good ol' times were when we were young too.

—Billie Dawson

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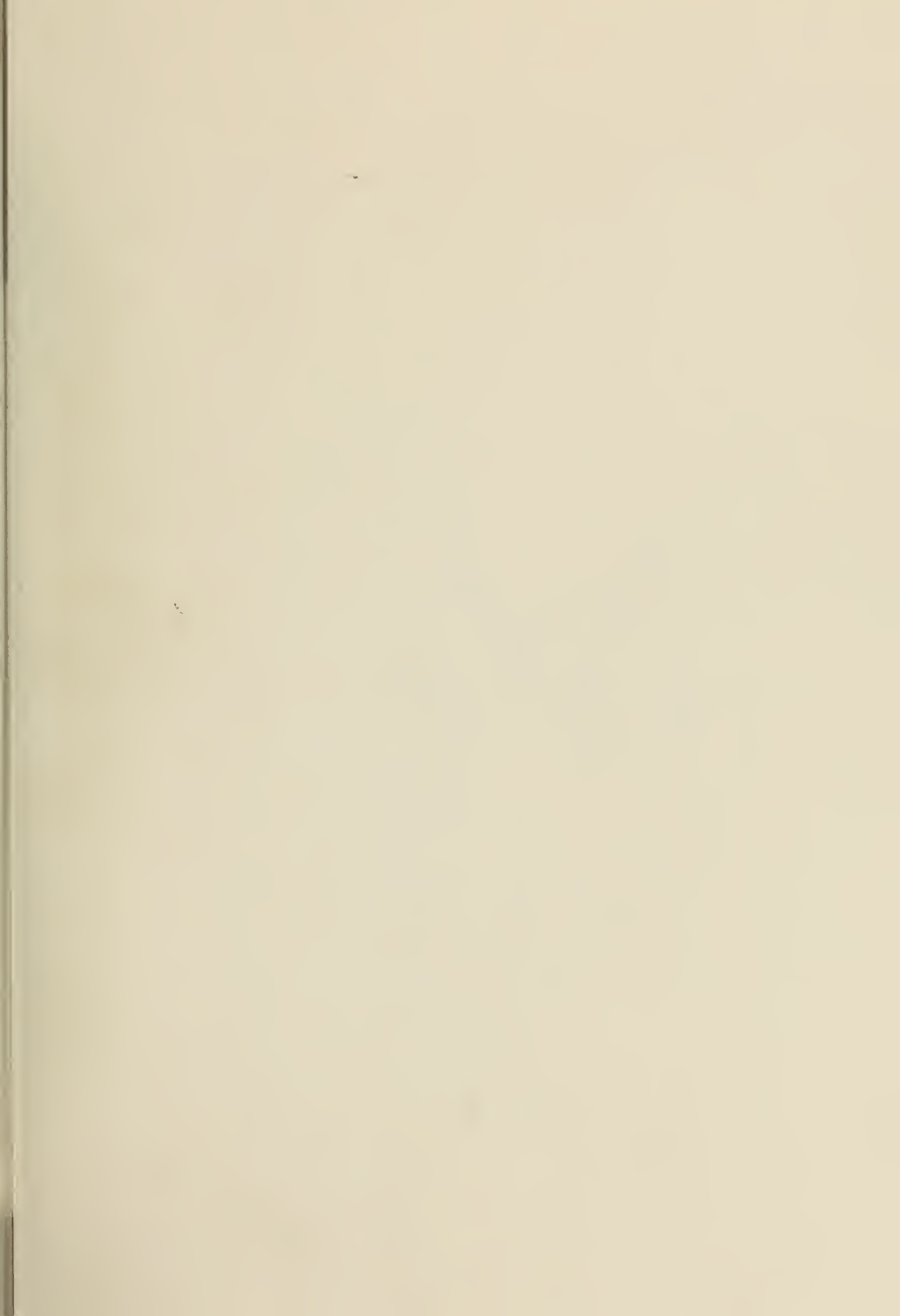
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